

Texas Siftings.

VOL. 12—No. 6.
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NEW YORK AND LONDON, DECEMBER 7, 1889.

10 Cents a Copy.
\$4 per year-in Advance.



THE NEW REPUBLIC OF BRAZIL.

EX-EMPEROR DOM PEDRO EN ROUTE FOR PORTUGAL.

Texas Siftings.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second Class Mail Matter

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 7, 1889.

TEXAS SIFTINGS can be obtained wholesale at all wholesale News Depots and at 10 cents a copy on all News Stands.
TEXAS SIFTINGS will be supplied to Newsdealers by any of the wholesale News Companies.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any part of the United States or Canada, one year, postage paid, \$4 00
Foreign countries, 75c. extra
All subscriptions must be paid in advance.
Send money by express money order, post-office order or registered letter to

TEXAS SIFTINGS PUBLISHING CO.,
47 John Street, New York.

The English edition of Texas Siftings is printed and published weekly in London, at the office of the Texas Siftings Publishing Co., 4 East Harding Street.

Persons desiring to have MSS. returned or communications answered, must inclose a stamped envelope with their address thereon.

Eds. Texas Siftings.

THE HOLIDAY SIFTINGS.

The Christmas number of TEXAS SIFTINGS will bear date December 14 and be on the news-stands a few days earlier. Although containing much more matter than our regular edition, it will sell for the same price—10 cents.

A FAVORITE winter resort—hot Scotch.

OMAHA—HA's right out whenever Council Bluffs.

FAIR to Middling—Giving the World's Fair to Chicago.

RIDING-SCHOOL—in your shirt sleeves on a winter's day. Rather too cool, in fact.

AND now it is a type trust. But you can't trust in types implicitly. Types lie dreadfully sometimes.

MADAME DUDEVANT's French publisher made a great deal of money on her works, because he had the Sand.

"I'm no kicker," is the worst possible recommendation for a young man who wants to join a foot-ball club.

THE potato crop in England is a failure. So it is in France, taking Boulanger as a specimen small potato, which he is.

Go where duty calls, but turn in and help when you get there. Don't stand around with your hands in your pockets.

Religion, Politics, or War,
Agitate not the world at present;
There is one all-absorbing question
That 'wakens thoughts both sad and pleasant;
It is "Where is the cheapest place
To buy a decent Christmas present?"

A RICH widow in Aiken, S. C., felt such pity for a poor dwarf that she married him. I have always heard that pity was Aiken to love.

A SAILOR, home from a long cruise, couldn't sleep in the house for some time. He said it made him feel more at home to "lay out on the yard."

ALTHOUGH revolution in Brazil has affected the rubber market somewhat, a rubber of whist in the Harlem club remains at the same figure.

VENEZUELANs have been destroying statues of their ex-dictator, Guzman Blanco. If they are such poor works of art as the statues in Washington, I don't blame them.

IN writing of Dom Pedro, deposed Emperor of Brazil, the Herald says: "Six feet three in height, he is too fond of literary pursuits to make an ambitious ruler." I never knew before the exact height necessary for literary pursuits. It is six feet three, and Dom Pedro just comes up to it. Ambition, then, goes with men of low stature, like Napoleon. But we have generally supposed that a man turns to literature because he is a little "short."

YELLOW FEVER AN ALLY OF THE BLACK MAN.

The black race is said to enjoy great immunity from yellow fever, and if they really have that immunity they certainly ought to enjoy it. In one notable instance yellow-jack was one the greatest friends the black race ever had. This was in Brazil, in 1849, when the dreaded fever was brought to that country for the first time on a slave ship. It was this circumstance that first aroused public opinion against the slave traffic. Stringent laws were adopted, and thus began a movement that grew and increased in momentum until it finally culminated in the abolition of slavery from the land. This, however, has not accrued to the elevation of the house of Dom Pedro. His daughter Isabel, acting as regent during her father's recent absence in Europe, signed the bill declaring all slaves in the empire free from the date of it, March 13, 1888, which proceeding greatly exasperated the holders of slaves, who were not re-imbursed for them. This, together with the unpopularity of the princess and her husband, Count D'eu, among all classes, helped to bring on the recent revolution that has resulted in making Brazil a Republic.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

The action of the New York aldermen in suppressing the little German bands and the Italian organ grinders is exciting much unfavorable comment. It merely goes to show that a large city is sometimes governed by the smallest men. Not long ago an attempt was made by the aldermen to break up the business of the Chinese laundries by requiring the wash lists to be written in English. It is a glaring inconsistency to drive out the street musicians while permitting real disturbers of the peace and quiet of the city to do as they please. There is in New York an entire brigade of Polish Jews who patrol the streets shouting, not the battle cry of freedom, but "Pay gash old clo!" with variations, until the suffering public thinks seriously of lynch-law. Why not dam the "old clo" man's flow of eloquence?

KINGS MOVING OUT.

It is reported that the United States of Brazil, the new Republic of South America, has adopted manhood suffrage. What an immense transformation! Yesterday an Empire under the one-man rule, to-day a free Republic to be governed alone by the votes of the people. This sounds very grand and very beautiful to ears accustomed to "Hail Columbia," but what will be the practical results? Will universal suffrage cure the ills of the past and prove a security for the future? Time alone can tell. The population of Brazil is made up of heterogeneous elements. While the upper classes are educated and cultured the Indians and lately emancipated slaves are steeped in ignorance. Can the latter be relied upon to employ the ballot intelligently and with judgment, even when exercised on the Australian system recently endorsed by Massachusetts? It will probably be answered by some, that if the ballot can be trusted to the savages who prowl around in certain wards of New York city, there need be no alarm about the Brazilians. As for ourselves we have determined to calmly await the issue. But what will the down-trodden people of Europe say? If the savages and recently emancipated slaves of Dom Pedro's late domain prove themselves capable of self-government, won't the more enlightened subjects of European despotism revolt and cause other hearts to ache and other thrones to totter? There are mutterings from old Spain and Portugal already, and cries for a Republic. In the home of Dom Pedro's ancestors they are beginning to ask if what is good for the Brazil goose is not equally good for the Portu-geese. And Germany, too—but we shall await our next private letter from Bismarck before pursuing the subject further. In the meantime, study well the cartoon on our first page. It is prophetic of a period not far distant when other crowned heads will be compelled to move out.

A MEDICAL OUTRAGE.

How frequently do we read the legend, "Sold by all respectable druggists," tacked on to the tail of some quack advertisement. This is a senseless fling at pharmacy. Who ever saw a disreputable druggist? As a rule, all druggists are respectable. The very nature of their business demands respectability. Even the man who winks in the seductive presence of a soda fountain wants a respectable druggist clerk to interpret the wink. Because a druggist does not feel inclined to sell disguised



WOMAN'S JEALOUSY.

MR. JOHNSING—Dat am a beautiful head ob hair dat Miss Yallerby has. Does it curl natural?

MISS EBBONIE—Natural! No, it kinks. She has to straighten it out wif a smoothin'-iron or somefin' afore it will curl.

Why not arrest the fiend, who, placing his hand to the side of his mouth, makes the window panes rattle with: "Clams! fresh clams! all the way from Rockaway!" Is he, like the sacred elephant of Siam, an animal to be encouraged and worshiped? The vender of fish is allowed the special privilege of scaring people with a horn. He blows a blast that is well calculated to promote the increase of profanity. Why not run him in? The leather-lunged miscreants who accompany each wagon of bananas or oranges are never interfered with. Are any of the aldermen in the tropical fruit trade? It is perhaps expecting too much to look for some common-sense legislation from New York aldermen, but they might at least be systematic and measurably consistent in their vagaries.

QUERIST—"How do you pronounce bronchitis, doctor?" Doctor—"I pronounce it a very troublesome and dangerous disorder."

mineral poisons and bottled lingering death, is he the less high-toned, honest and respectable? As a rule the druggist is strictly temperate. His business necessitates a clear head and a steady nerve. We wonder how long the pharmacists of the United States propose to stagger along under the insults heaped upon them by the grand army of dough-faced quacks! If this insidious custom is not broken up we expect to see the beautiful motto, "God Bless Our Home," ruthlessly wrenched from its gilded frame, and its honored place supplanted by the medical hog-wash: "Sold by all Respectable Druggists."

A FRENCH connoisseur complains that Americans, with their limitless wealth and boundless ignorance about art, have so falsified the picture market that the price a picture brings is no longer a guide as to its real value. It is a good deal that way in buying foreign princes.

A STORY OF TWO ORPHANS.

ONE OF THE SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE POOR.

The romances of New York will never be all written. Every day brings a new one to light, and every one differs from preceding ones. "The short and simple annals of the poor" are here not always short and simple, but often strangely sad.

Mrs. L. told one the other day that was both short and simple, and had in it a touch of sweetness not always to be found in the annals of either rich or poor.

"You know," she said, "that I advertised for a seamstress to go out to mother's in the country, and stay several weeks, perhaps all the time, if mother liked her. I engaged the first one who applied, partly because she seemed willing to go to the country—which is rare—and partly because she looked like the reduced gentlewoman in books and had a manner that corresponded with her appearance. If she had been gotten up for this character in a play she could not have fitted it better. I have a weakness for that kind of thing, and I warmed toward her at once.

"She was intelligent and refined, and so we came to terms without delay, and I sent her out to mother's that afternoon. Mother liked her, too, and she proved as efficient as she was pleasing. I go out quite often, you know, and so I grew used to seeing her about the house, where she adapted herself to the situation with much quiet grace.

"I was pleased to see that her air of reduced gentlewoman still enveloped her, though it was worn with so happy a combination of dignity and humility that it was never offensive, nor absurd, as that kind of thing always is with pretenders, because it does not fit them properly. And then, you know, they are always ready to chatter about it, and in their chatter they reveal their true characters. I have had considerable experience with seamstresses who posed as having 'seen better days.' They are very amusing, and are proverbially weak in grammar. I think I can tell them at a glance now. But this girl—Grace Bell is her name—always seemed to be genuine. Besides, she never opened her mouth to talk about herself—never said she had ever been anything more than a sewing girl; yet she made us feel that she had been something more—in short, that she was a lady.

She wore the conventional plain, soft gray gown so much affected by the stage governess, and which tells the story of ruined fortunes so eloquently; and the scrupulous neatness of her attire was very effective, I assure you. As the weeks went by and she still sustained the good impression she had made, our interest in her increased, and, without being rudely inquisitive, we contrived to make her understand that we would like her to talk about herself. It required many hints and even some polite solicitation to induce her to break her reserve. At last she told her story, and this was the substance of it:

"Her father, whom she did not even remember, had died when she was four years old. He had been a physician, but being young, had scarcely made a fair financial start when he died, and so left his widow and her two little children in poverty. Grace's sister was three years younger than herself. She says she remembers her mother as a delicate, woe-worn woman, struggling to keep herself and her children from starvation by doing fine needle-work. Those were days of such gloom that Grace says she has never outgrown the sadness cast upon her spirit by her mother's lonely struggle.

"When Grace was six years old, her mother, always delicate, fell ill and died, and Grace and her sister, Milly, found themselves in an orphan asylum. They remained there until Grace was nine and Milly six, when Milly was adopted by somebody, and from that day Grace had neither seen nor heard of her, though she had never ceased to look for her wherever she went



LIFE IN PIZEN CREEK.

MISSIONARY (just arrived)—Are you the Mayor of this place?

MAYOR RATTLER—Yes, sir.

Is there a church here?

Er—well—um—er—well, stranger, cussed it you ain't got me there! A new blacksmith shop and four saloons opened up last week, and I heered some talk of a church, but I'm blowed if I know whether the scheme went through or not. Ask Judge Pull-trigger—two doors above—he al'ays goes into every new thing.

on the street, in church, in the cars, everywhere—hoping against odds that some day she would again see the child's bonny face, which Grace was sure she would instantly recognize.

"A short time after Milly left the asylum, Grace was taken by a lady and gentleman who had lost their only child. She was adopted by them, and was happy with them; but when she was sixteen they were killed in a railroad accident, and their kindred managed to get hold of all their property, leaving Grace penniless. She learned to make dresses and do other sewing well, and by means of her needle has supported herself ever since, and is now twenty-two years old.

"Throughout all these years Grace held to a belief that some day she would find Milly, though she could do nothing in the way of searching but look and look at the face of every young girl she saw. Wasn't it pitiful? And wasn't it remarkable, too, that she never lost hope?

sister has been so sweetly rewarded? You remember one of our noble poets says:

"There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor."

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

A TROPHY OF THE FIGHT.

Two New York friends, Bill and Tom, were going home at a late hour the other night from a convivial gathering, a little the worse for wear. On Sixth avenue they met two other men in the same condition, and they ran into each other. Then each party took the other for sandbaggers, and supposing themselves attacked, fought together desperately. Bill and Tom got the best of it—at least the other party beat a hasty retreat.

Then the two friends got under a gas light to take account of damages.

"Did you lick your man, Tom?" asked Bill.

"You bet I did," said Tom, "and I've got something to prove it. I took him by the throat and nearly strangled him. He would have cried 'Enough!' if he had had breath enough left. I let him go, but here's his cravat." (Showing it.)

Bill—"Why, d—n it, Tom, (hic) that's mine!"

IT HAPPENS OCCASIONALLY.

Snobberly—Were you introduced to Mr. Flashy at the club last night?

Dudely—Yes. I think he is a fraud. His diamond ring is too big.

Snobberly—I don't know about that. I've seen big rings on men who were really rich.

Smith—The way Wanamaker is bouncing the Democratic postmasters is shameful.

Jones—Yes; but he always whistles hymn tunes when he is at work.



TRACING ITS AUTHORSHIP.

MOTHER—Do you know, Bobby, who wrote the story of the loaves and fishes I've been reading you?

BOBBY—No; but it sounds a good deal like pa.

LIKE A ROSE.

(A LA AUSTIN DOBSON.)



CAN SEE HER
standing yet,
Dewy eyed,
As she stood that
summer morn
At my side;
It is not so long ago
That I parted from
her so,
Yet the gulf is fixed
I know,
Deep and wide.

Down the garden
path we walked
To the gate,
And I begged her:
"Ah, my Own,
Name the date."
But she answered:
"No, my dear,
'Tis your fickleness
I fear—
I will try you for a
year—
You must wait."

Grief was on my features then
Written plain,
For she said: "I'm sorry, dear,
For your pain,
Take this little rose, I pray;
It shall wither in a day,
But my love for you for aye
Shall remain."

Love is sometimes sweet and sure,
I suppose;
Who would not have faith in such
Vows as those?
But, alas! I'm forced to rue
That they were but semi-true,
For her love was withered, too,
Like the rose.

See, I let it flutter thus
To my feet,
Ah, 'twas summer when its charms
Were complete;
Save it not, my heart is set,
For 'tis wise I should forget,
And its perfume lingers yet,
Faint and sweet.

GEORGE HORTON.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART VII.

The death of Queen Brunehaut of Austrasia (put to death by Clotaire II, King of Neustria, 613) resulted in the union of the three Frank Kingdoms, Austrasia, Neustria and Burgundy as one nation, of which Dagobert, son of Clotaire, became ruler in 628, the last Merovingian king worthy of the name.

Dagobert was a man of great ability, and well qualified to fill the office of king in those wild times. He soon made himself King of all Gaul, and of numerous Germanic provinces besides. He was a great warrior and subdued the Saxons, Gascons and Bretons. He fixed his court at Paris, and his kingdom gained great importance among the nations of the West. He didn't know how to read, but he protected men of letters (including sign painters, I presume) and encouraged learning. He promoted the building of monasteries, and endowed them richly. For the monks of Saint-Denis, a little village in the environs of Paris, he built a large and handsome church called *l'église Saint-Denis*, which is still in existence, though restorations and enlargements have left little of the original building. In the crypt Dagobert was buried, as were most of the French Kings and their families down to Louis XVIII.

I must tell you something of Saint-Denis, *mes chers enfants*. He was the first bishop of Paris, sent from Rome in the 3d century to convert the Gauls. He established his bishopric in Paris, where he was beheaded in 272, during the persecutions of the Christians under Aurelian. Montmartre was the place of his execution, from which that quarter of Paris took its name—Martyr's Mount.

Tradition says that a pagan woman, moved by compassion, secured the body of the martyr, and had it buried on the spot where the chapel of Saint-Denis was originally built, afterwards superseded by the church built by Dagobert. As I have intimated, this famous church was repeatedly restored, the most elaborate being effected by Suger, the celebrated abbot of Saint Denis, in the 12th century. I may remark that Suger has a good deal to do with advancing things in our

day, though the word isn't pronounced now as the good abbé was accustomed to pronounce his name. In the architecture of the Church of Saint-Denis you will see the round arch of the Romans alongside of the Gothic arch that was destined to replace it, showing that the time of Abbé Suger was the transition period in architecture.

During the French Revolution a century ago, the church was almost ruined. A Paris mob demolished many costly tombs and monuments. They broke into the crypt, and dragging out the bones of Dagobert and the rest of the kings, threw them pell-mell into *fosses communes*—common ditches—dug in the neighborhood. Napoleon Bonaparte restored the church in 1806, decreeing that it should be used for his own burial and that of his successors, but only one of his family, Napoleon Charles, son of his brother Louis and brother of Louis Napoleon, was buried there. The body was afterwards removed and placed by the side of that of his grandfather, Charles Bonaparte, father of all the Bonapartes, in a modern church a few miles from Paris.

In 1817 Louis XVIII. collected the bones of his ancestors the best that he could, and re-interred them in the crypt of Saint-Denis. He also removed to that place of sepulchre the remains of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, that had lain in the churchyard of the Madeleine since their execution. He himself and the Duke de Berry, his son (assassinated in 1820), and several of his children were the last of the Bourbons interred there.

Many historic events of more or less importance have taken place in this church, *chers amis*. Here Charlemagne was anointed; over its altar was suspended the sacred *oriflamme* (of red and gold colors), the banner of the kings of France, and only removed when the king took the field in person. It's last appearance was on the field of Agincourt, where the French were so disastrously defeated by Henry V. of England, in 1415, resulting in the English occupation of Paris a few years afterwards. At Saint-Denis dwelt Abilard after being parted from his loved Héloise; here the Maid of Orleans hung up her armes (although this was no pawn shop) after her success over the English. In 1593 Henry IV. abjured Protestantism in this church to gain the throne (he said Paris was worth a mass), and in 1810 Napoleon was married here to the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria, after casting aside the Empress Josephine.

You will see in many of the churches of Paris the sculptured figure of a headless man. Sometimes the head lies at his feet and again he carries it in his hands. This is Saint-Denis. Alas, many heads have been cut off in Paris since his day; and even in these peaceful times if men who visit the French capital do not lose their heads altogether, they have them turned frequently.

I have enlarged upon the church that Dagobert built, my children, deeming this as fitting a place as any to describe it, and shall reserve other acts of this king and his successors for another chapter.

DON'T WAIT ON FRIENDS.

A man who had been unfortunate in his affairs, met a friend opposite City Hall Park, one sunny day, and said:

"Ah, sir, you are just the man I wanted to see."

"What can I do for you, my friend?"

"You are still superintendent of the — Company?"

"Yes."

"Then I want you to find me some employment. I don't care how humble it is. I will do it until I can find something better to do."

"Do you see those men sitting on the Park benches?"

"Yes, I see them."

"Well, they have been sitting there for the last ten years, waiting for their friends to find something better for them to do."

Moral: Hustle for yourself.

DER HASH VAS GOOT.

A Dutchman was traveling in the far West, and stopping at a hotel in a small town, called for dinner. He was a little late, and a big dish of hash was about all that the waiter set before him. Being very hungry he could not restrain the anger that boiled up in him as he looked at the boiled down product of the hostelry.

"See here, my fründ, did'n I dole you to pring me zum dinner? A tog couldn' eat dot shtuff!" The waiter protested it was the best that could be done, and the guest broke out again impatiently: "Vot ish dot? Der pest dot gan be done for a hoongry draveler who goesh his preakfast mitout? Vere ish der landt-lort off dees meeserable hash house? Dell 'im to gook me somedings goot to eat at once fortwilt!"

The waiter disappeared through a side door and immediately afterward the startled guest heard a gruff and angry voice pronouncing these terrible sentences:

"The rascal refuses to eat the dinner furnished by my house! I'll see about it! Let me git at him!"

The guest began to shovel in the hash like unloading coal, and a fierce whiskered, stalwart fellow with two pistols and a dirk at his waist came tramping toward the table.

"Haf I der bleasure ouf atressing der landt-lort?" said the Dutchman, rising nervously, and bowing with extreme politeness.

"Meester Landt-lort, vill you blease pe so kindt as to ordter der vaiter to pring me a leetle more ouf dees hash?"

A HOPEFUL HUMORIST.

Friend—What are you doing all day in the Cooper Union Library?

Newspaper Humorist—You see, one of my jokes has been published in a New York paper and I am watching the people reading the papers to see if somebody don't laugh over it. A fellow almost giggled yesterday.

IN A HURRY.

Guest—Waiter, bring me a cup of coffee.

Waiter—How will you have it, sir; weak or strong?

"I'd like it weak, but not week after next. Hurry it up."

A MISNOMER.

Dudely—I think the term grass widow is very deceiving.

Friend—How so?

Dudely—Because they are not green at all. One of them says she is going to sue me for \$10,000.



INTERNAL APPLICATION.

DOCTOR—Did you bathe in alcohol as I prescribed?

SICK MAN—Yesh, Doctor, inshide. I feelsh better already.



A SUBJECT FOR THANKS.

FIRST NEW YORKER—Did you celebrate Thanksgiving?
SECOND NEW YORKER—No; I had nothing to give thanks for.
Why, you have not been murdered by an electric wire or a policeman.
And you say you have nothing to give thanks for? Shame on you!

HE ASKED FOR THE PROOFS.

BY MAX SCUDDER.

The minister had been sent out from the city to establish a church in a particularly tough locality in Indiana. No meetings ever having been held in that township, the schoolhouse was pretty well packed with farmers and their families, who had come "to see the fun and learn what it was the city chap wanted 'em to do, anyway." After a lengthy and forcible sermon, in which the beauties of the next world were held up in favorable contrast with the barren and unsatisfying delusions of our mundane sphere, the minister said:

"Now, my brothers and sisters, you are free agents. No restrictions are placed upon you. It is for you to say which of these places you will select as your future home. Will you pitch your tents in the unwholesome and pestilential lowlands of the world? or will you encamp in the fertile valleys of the New Jerusalem and dwell forever in its peaceful groves, eating of the fruit of the tree of life and drinking from its crystal streams? I ask you, which shall it be?"

The minister paused as though expecting a reply; when an old man in the back of the room, who seemed to be laboring under the impression that the preacher was a land agent, endeavoring to form a colony for the development of some new country, whose location was not altogether clear to him arose, and, clearing his mouth of a seemingly limitless quantity of saliva, evidently the accumulation of the entire forty minutes since the opening of the services, replied:

"Well, mister, I don't doubt but that the place you speak of is a all-fired good country—perhaps a sight better than Indiana; but the chap you mention as going ahead to prepare the way is a total stranger to me, and I 'spects he is to 'most every one here. Leastwise, I never hearn tell on him afore. I'll admit that you speak mighty fair; but our people was took in *bad* by a mighty slick looking chap from your town, a while ago, who induced a lot of 'em to buy some land he had for sale in Kansas, by representin' as how the potatoes out there grew a sight bigger than the punkins here, and that one ear of corn they raised there would make a good size grist. Some of our people sold their farms and went with him; but they are all back now, 'ceptin Deacon Smith and his family, as was blown over into Newbrasky by a cyclone, and Hank Soaper and his wife, as was skulped to death by Injuns. If you have got any proofs with you that them trees bear fruit right along winter and summer, and that it rains bread regularly every night, we mought talk to you. And do them streams have pike and catfish as big as them we catch in the Wabash? I ain't doubtin' your word, mis-

ter; but it is a risky business for a man to pull up and go to a undiscovered country, without he knows what he is about, sure enough."

Looking around at the assembled multitude, and seeing in every face unmistakable signs that the old man had voiced the sentiments of the community, and not having the documents with him in the shape of manna, fruit and other productions of the country he was representing, the preacher realized the futility of further argument and sorrowfully took his departure.

The elephant may be desirable property for some people, but it is hard to find a man who enjoys having an elephant on his hands. It stands to reason that it would make him uneasy and fretful. Wise people have nothing whatever to do with elephants of any breed.
E. R. COLLINS.

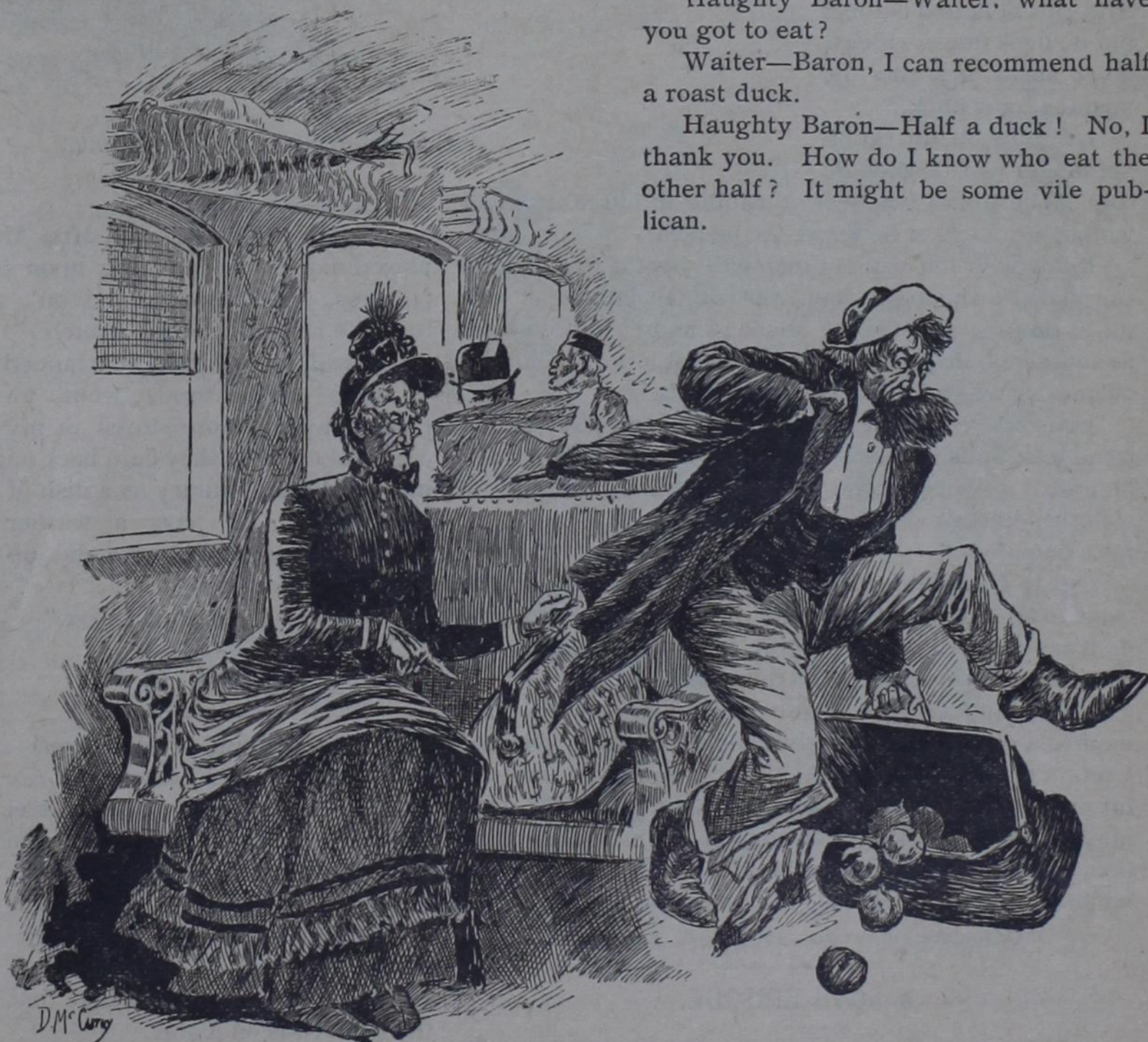
Prince Hatzfeldt is not ill, as some one has reported. In fact he says that he never Hatzfeldt better in all his life.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE ELEPHANT.

This is the largest animal now living on the earth with us. It has immense strength and is possessed of almost human intelligence the same as some people. The elephant is naturally wild, but it can be domesticated and tamed so that it will eat out of its master's hand.

Elephants are not common in this country, hence their scarcity. They prefer living in the jungles of India. When captured and forced to accept such civilization as is common in India, they become very useful as beasts of burden, and take the place oxen would probably fill were they as large as elephants and had trunks. The elephant can be taught to do almost anything, from heaping cord-wood to rocking a cradle, but they will never be popular in this country as nursemaids; they are not susceptible to the charms of policemen.



ON THE RAILWAY TRAIN

OLD MR. HAYSEED—Is this seat engaged, mum?
THE LADY (glaring daggers)—I dunno nothin' about the seat, Mister, but the man that sits in it is my lawful wedded husband!
[He Jumps for another seat.]

ROYALTY AT THE CIRCUS.

Barnum's show had a great send-off in London and is turning away people nightly. It is patronized by the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family, who declare that there is nothing like it. Charley Stowe, Barnum's press agent, writes us that royalty at a circus acts very much like other folks. It laughs, and applauds, and claps its hands, says "Oh my!" when the trapeze act is on, and nearly splits its sides laughing over the antics of the clowns in the several rings, just about as the rest do. Stowe had imagined until he went to England, that a plantation darkey got more fun out of a circus than anybody, but he says now that a prince is the one who gets the most for his money. He takes it all in, from the "grand entray" to the monkey riding, and then rushes off to inspect the animals. He has to be warned not to get too near the paws of the great Siberian bear, and to abstain from giving the elephant tobacco. He makes himself familiar with the wild Zoolos, and playfully chucks the fat woman under the chin. Royalty has fun at the circus, you had better believe.

HE DIDN'T KNOW.

Customer (in tea store tasting the tea)—I don't like this tea. It tastes like hay.
Exasperated Clerk—I don't know, sir, whether it does or not. I'm not such a donkey as to know how hay tastes.

A PROPHECY.

Friend—I see you are squandering your money in all manner of dissipation.
Fast Boy—Yes, I'm a little fresh, but I'll get ripe after a while.
Yes, like pears get ripe—in the straw.

ART NOTE.

Visitor—The portrait is very fine, but you seem to have devoted more time to the hands than the face.
Artist—That's so. You see the hands pay over the money.

HE WOULD LIVE ALWAYS.

A man who was deeply in debt was sick unto death. "Ah," he sighed, "if I could only live until I had paid off my debts."
"Humph!" sneered the doctor, bluntly, "you want to live forever, do you?"

THE MISERIES OF RANK.

Haughty Baron—Waiter, what have you got to eat?
Waiter—Baron, I can recommend half a roast duck.
Haughty Baron—Half a duck! No, I thank you. How do I know who eat the other half? It might be some vile publican.



HE HUNTING SEASON.

A BRIEF DISCOURSE
BY THE REV.
WHANGDOODLE
BAXTER, OF THE
AUSTIN BLUE
LIGHT TABER-
NACLE.

BERLUBBED
BRUDDEREN AND
SISTERN:—JESS
now de hunting
season am in full
blast, so dat hit
ain't safe no
moah ter take
walks on Sunday

arternoon out in de rubarbs ob de city ef yer don't
wanter be filled full ob lead.

Seberal members of dis heah congregashun am
much given ter prowling 'round wid a shotgun, so I
has made up my mind ter gib dese heah, what dey calls
nimrods, or ramrods, some advice, ob which yer seems
ter be mightily in need.

Hit's better dat I gibs yer advice den dat some
farmer chases yer wid a fence rail, or wid a pitchfork
for seben miles on de keen jump, and sticks yer hide as
full ob holes as one ob dese porus plasters.

In de fust place, remember dat de deer am an ani-
mule what am less frequently seen in de naborhood den
de real mewel. De deer
has horns on de top ob
his head. Yer can't find
no horns on de mewel.
Deers don't w'ar no shoes
on dar feet, while de
mewel does, pertickerly
on his hind feet, and
what's moah, de deers
don't hab de same kind ob
voice as de he mewel.

Some ob you may
know de difference ber-
tween a deer and a mewel,
but some don't; leastways
de man who filled my
mewel full ob shot don't
seem ter know de diffunce.

De cow may be known
from de buck, as de latter
ain't got no brand, and
w'ars a shorter tail. De
cow gibs milk and clubber
but de buck don't. Please
don't shoot my cow by
mistake for a buck.

De ears ob de rabbit
am longer den dose ob de
cat. Whenebber you sees a rabbit up in a tree, or
walkin' on a fence, he's sure ter be a cat.

Remember dat while a man can shoot a gun, de gun
can likewise shoot de man. A widder lady onct tole
me at de funeral: "If my husband hadn't blowed inter
de muzzle ob de gun he mout hab shot lots ob squirrels,
bekase hit was a lubly day for squirrels."

I has notised, while talking on dis heah subjec', dat
some men finds hit easier ter lug a heaby shotgun ten
hours fru a swamp arter ducks, den hit am ter put up
a clothes-line, or chop an armfull ob kindlin' wood, or
nuss de baby.

Out in Nevada dey hunts b'ars. A gennerman who
went to look for grizzlies found one in time for dinner—
de b'ar's dinner. As a ginerall thing b'ar stories am
more numerous den de b'ars demsets.

Dar's anudder kind ob game about which de male
members ob dis congregashun don't need no advice.
I refers ter de game ob poker, and I wants ter say dat
hit am high time dat de game law was enforced. Den
maybe dar would be less buttons in de hat when hit's
being passed around. Uncle Mose will pass de hat
while de quire tries ter sing dat beautiful hymn,

"O, Johnnie get yer gun, get yer gun, gun, gun!"

A LOVE EPISODE.

Pauline McIntyre crushed a note in her delicate
taper fingers, and with bloodless cheeks and a weird,
strange look in her large, lustrous eyes, sank upon a
big fauteuil in the calm cold agony of despair.

"Pauline," said Mrs. McIntyre, bending tenderly
over her daughter, "do not take it so hard. Remem-

ber that cruel treachery and foul deceit walk hand in
hand, at times, attendant on a thing in human form
who wears the outward seal of manhood. You will, of
course, have nothing more to do with him."

"Never!" hissed the poor stricken girl from be-
tween her teeth; "I have set my life upon a cast, and
I will stand the hazard of the die! The vile, knock-
kneed dude—forgive me, mamma," sobbed Pauline,
breaking completely down under the terrible strain,
"forgive me if I appear too harsh and rude, but, oh!
you little know what 'tis to lose your faith in man; to
have your heart turned into a sidewalk for fiends to
tread upon. O, mamma, pity and forgive your daugh-
ter, um!"

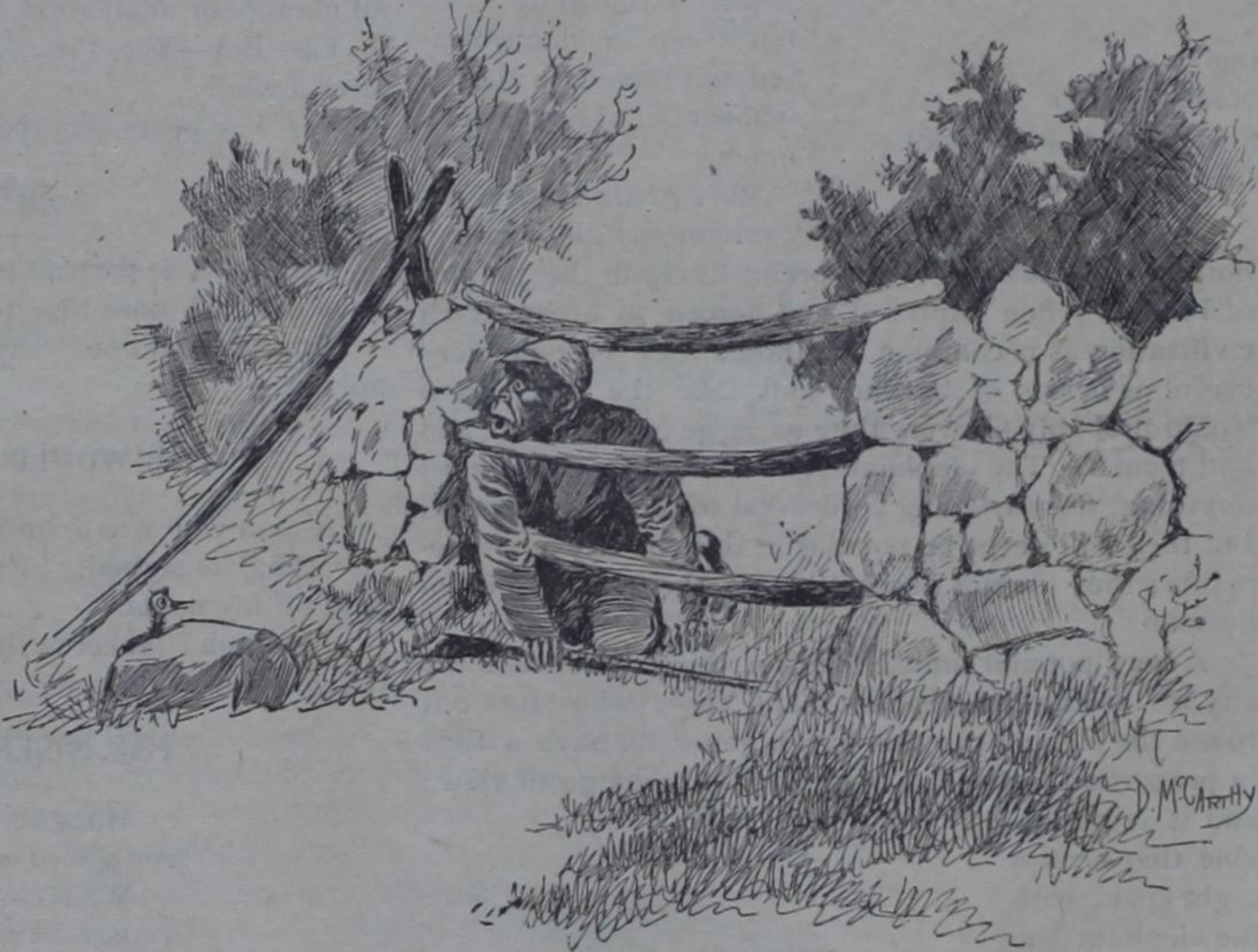
"I do forgive you, Pauline," replied Mrs. McIntyre,
bravely suppressing her emotions and stroking her
daughter's pale brow and commercial hair, "I do for-
give you, and pity you with all my heart. Do you
think he had the least reason to write you such a cold
and cruel letter?"

"Not the slightest," replied Pauline, bristling with
haughty indignation. The old blue blood of the Mc-
Intyres was coursing in her veins. "Have I not
always treated him with due deference? Has not his
slightest wish been law?"

"You are quite sure, Pauline, that you love him?"

"Sure! mamma! Dost mock thy daughter's
passion? As the poet says:

"If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
Lips taught to writhe but not complain;
If bursting heart and maddening rain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt and feel,
Betoken love, then love was mine!"



A Colored Nimrod "on de hunt."

"Pass the pie."

"True, daughter," said Mrs. McIntyre, with a per-
plexed expression hovering upon her strong matronly
features, "I believe you. Won't you please read me
the note of the heartless wretch?"

"I will," passionately exclaimed the girl. "Listen!"

"mis mackintired, wont yu
pleas put some more starch in my
cufs and collards they cum back on
me as thin an phlimsy as a dish of
hotel kaufy. I pays a washer
woman an i want my close did up
in su.n kind of stile.

JOHN POPPLETON."

NOT FOR JO.

Husband (fond of his lager)—
Curious thing, this *chemen de fer*
glissant that some Frenchman has
invented. It was exhibited at the
Paris Exposition, and created great
interest.

Wife—What kind of an arrange-
ment is it?

A railroad constructed so that
the train runs on water.

It would never do for you, dear.

Why not?

You prefer to run on beer.

A hammer is destitute of artistic
instinct, yet it can draw a nail.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

VERY TRUE.

Jones—That's a magnificent buck. What age does
a buck attain?

Game-dealer—That all depends on when he was
shot.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

She—I say, George, let us go into this confectionery.
He—I haven't got time.

No? Humph! I guess in this case time is money,
sure enough.

METEOROLOGICAL ITEM.

Tommy—Pa, may I ask you a question?

Pa—Certainly, my child.

Tommy—Well, where is the wind when it doesn't
blow?

SATISFIED WITH HIS OWN SKIN.

First Tramp—Look at the fat man across the street.
He must have a good time of it.

Second Tramp—Maybe he has, cully, but I wouldn't
care to be in his hide.

Why not?

Because it would be too big for me.

IMPORTANT TO BUSINESS MEN.

Johnny—I say, Pa, a man can make a heap of
money by failing in business, can't he?

Pa—Yes, my son; but, for decency's sake, he has
to establish some kind of business before he can fail.

NO BILL.

Porter—The Baron is not at home, but you can
leave the bill if you see proper.

Visitor—Bill? I have no bill. I want to see him.

Porter—What, no bill! My dear sir, you must be
mistaken in the number of the house.

JUDICIAL ITEM.

Judge—As far as I can see there are no mitigating
circumstances in favor of your client.

Counsel for the Prisoner—No mitigating circum-
stances! Your Honor must have forgotten that the
murdered man having already deposited his money,
my unfortunate client took nothing but his life.

Judge—Well, that's all the law proposes to take
from your client. Next Friday is the day I set for the
execution.

DENTAL ITEM.

Dentist—Madame, you are probably not aware that
some people do not get their wisdom teeth before their
twentieth year.

Tommy—That's where you are off. Mamma got a
whole mouth full of wisdom teeth last year from a den-
tist in New York, and she is more than forty years old.

A PLUMP COMPARISON.

Fat Woman—Are these hammocks really strong?

Clerk—Madame, never fear. An hippopotamus
could swing himself in one of them.

NOT A SURE SIGN.

A.—Gracious, how your boots creak! They are
probably not paid for yet.

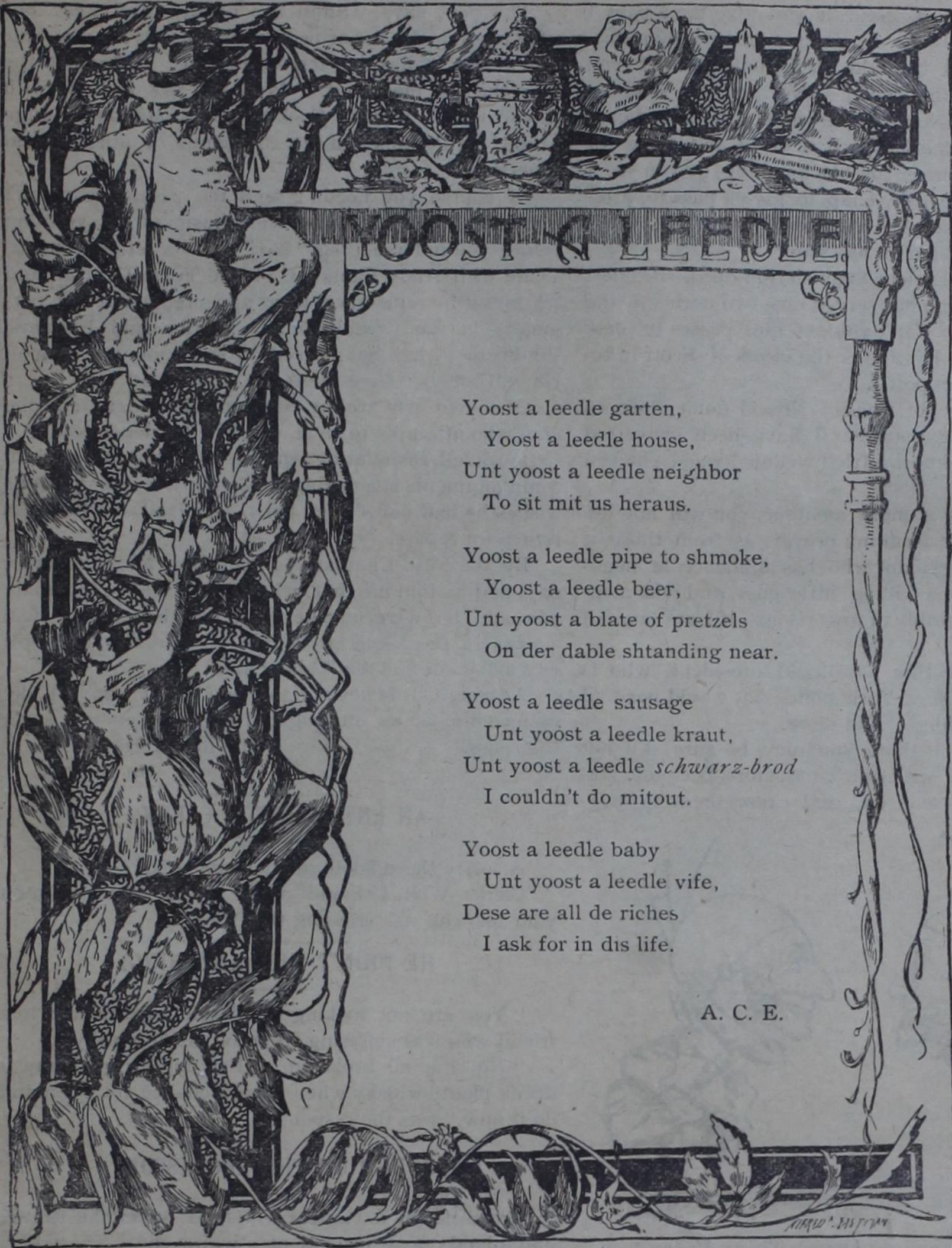
B.—Foolishness! If things bought on credit creaked,
then this whole suit of clothes, not to speak of my
underwear, would creak all the time.



MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

MRS. SCRIMP—I do wish, John, that you would get me a new win-
ter wrap; my old one is a sight to behold.

MR. SCRIMP—H'm! Can't you wait a little while longer, so it can
pass as a Christmas present?



Yoost a leedle garten,
Yoost a leedle house,
Unt yoost a leedle neighbor
To sit mit us heraus.

Yoost a leedle pipe to shmake,
Yoost a leedle beer,
Unt yoost a blate of pretzels
On der dable shtanding near.

Yoost a leedle sausage
Unt yoost a leedle kraut,
Unt yoost a leedle *schwarz-brod*
I couldn't do mitout.

Yoost a leedle baby
Unt yoost a leedle wife,
Dese are all de riches
I ask for in dis life.

A. C. E.

JOINT DEBATE BETWEEN PRINCETON AND HARVARD.

Father (to his son Tom, a Princeton student home for the holidays)—Getting on all right with your studies, Tom?

Tom—Yes, father; I'm all right. I began last year as left half back, and I'm right tackle now.

Father (ignorant of foot-ball terms)—Left half back? right tackle? I don't understand what you mean. However, if you were left half back last year I am glad to know that you are on the right tackle now. It is not so bad as to be left entirely back, as I was in getting an eddication, for I hadn't a rich father, as you have, Tom.

Tom—I'm glad of that.

Father—Glad I had a poor father?

Tom—No. Glad I haven't.

Father—Well, I hope you will be a credit to him. Tell me, do yo you have a debatin' society at Princeton?

Tom—Oh, yes, we debate.

Father—Ever have joint discussions 'tween different colleges?

Tom—That's just what we have. Our boys went up to Boston the other day and had a long discussion with the Harvard fellows.

Father—What was the subjec'?

Tom—They discussed the relations of spheres to the plane of the earth's surface.

Father—Were Spheres' relations there?

Tom—I guess so. There was nearly everybody there. I was one of the Princeton team.

Father—Went by team, did you? Ain't there any railroad out of Princeton?

Tom—Well, I havn't been railroaded out of Princeton yet, but I don't know how soon I may be.

Father—Who came out ahead in the debate?

Tom—We did.

Father (exultingly)—You mean to say you beat Old Harvard?

Tom—Indeed, we did, but it was hard work. Harvard got the first touch down.

Father—Where did they get it?

Tom—But they couldn't stand our kicking.

Father—Kickin'? You don't mean to say you got to kickin' each other in the debate? And you call your-

seem to have made a big kick all round.

Tom—We did, all around the field.

Father—Where were the faculty all the while this disgraceful proceeding was going on?

Tom—Oh, they were all there, President Eliot at the head.

Father—And they said nothing?

Tom—Said nothing! Why, they yelled louder 'n anybody when the ball went to Harvard.

Father—They resort to balls, do they? First they kick, then they run a man through the centre, and at last they get to firing balls at Harvard. I hope you had an efficient corner on the ground. Did Princeton bring its own undertaker, or did you rely upon Harvard?

Tom—Princeton then sends Ames around the right end—

Father—Lucky it didn't send him around the wrong end.

Tom—They pass it to him again and he punts to Saxe.

Father—Oh, he punches Saxe, does he? Well, that's a change from so much kicking, anyhow. Go on. This is the funniest debating I ever heard of.

Tom—The ball is muffed by Trafford and Princeton secures it.

Father (beginning to get enlightened)—See here, Tom, what are you giving me?

Tom—A description of the Princeton-Harvard foot-ball match, of course.

Father—But I thought you said it was a joint debate, Tom?

Tom—So it was, father, and my joints have ached ever since.

Father—Well, they'll ache worse, Tom, if you fool your old dad again.

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

ANOTHER RISE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

A.—What will be the consequence of the revolution in Brazil?

B.—A rise in rubber.

A.—Would it make Rubber a republic, too?

SILAS VASTINE'S TRAVELS.

selves young gentlemen, too. Shame on ye!

Tom (carried away with the recollection of their triumph)—Oh, 'twas splendid!

When Harvard ran Trafford through the centre—

Father (horrified)—Ran Trafford through the centre! Why, this is horrible. You go to Boston to hold a joint debate about Sphericles or some of those fellows, and after kickin' one another, you run one of the students through the centre. Hope you didn't have a hand in it, Tom?

Tom—No, but I had a foot in it. There was a gain of five yards for Harvard, but on the next snap back the men got through on Dean and Harvard had to kick again.

Father—You

The young farmer from Cracker Neck, Iowa, paid a visit to the famous Colorado resort last summer while he was making a tour of the West, and from there he wrote the following letter to Lucinda Pypes, his betrothed:

Colorado springs june the 15th.

my deer loosindy:

denver is too tuff a town for yours truly and i packed up my carpet sack and levant-ed for this celebrated Spay. This is a vary purty town with several noosepapers, wide streets, scads of cotton-wood trees and a fine view of pikes Peek. it is a grate moral wave town and it is sed there is not a saloon or tiger in the burg but i find that there is a subburb called Old town that is about as tuff a place as Dodge City, kansas, was when the sportive cowboy dekorated it with blud and red paint, and when the peepil here git tired of the grate Moral wave bizness they git in a hack and go to old town for fun. this city has about 12,000 soles, most of which dont do mutch but gaze on the moun-tins and kuss the city kouncil. i axshelly think ide rether be a hired hand than to have to take so mutch kussin that i didn't need. deer loosindy you will purseeve that spellin haint my strong holt. i love you like the gentle sheep suckles her tender yung but i cant spell to save my gizzard. The girls in this plesent little city haint near as purty as the girls in richland keerkuk county ioway. None uv em seem to have mutch stile about em and they look kindah pail and peekid. they dont seem to have mutch goin on in a soshul way. i dont think there was ever a corn shuckin here cause there haint no corn to shuck. i never see such a country. Whole troops of clerks and femail tipe riters come out here to spend the summer and put on shap but ile bet lots uv em nearly bust their dads a doin it. they git on short taled horses and ride up and down the bullyvards and say nyether for neether, and think they air some pun-kins. But lettin go it for the poor devals will soon haft to buckel down to shootin biskits and sellin ribbon agin and they dont have as good a time as the farmer for the lords may rool the nashun but the farmer feeds the world. the Antlers is the finest tavern here. its about as purty as any bilding i ever see. it costs \$4 per diem for eatin and sleepin thare and gitten yure name in the paper as a prominent arrival. i stopt there—that is, i stopt there about a minnit as i come from the deepo an tuck a look at the outside of the house and then i went to what is called a hava beanery. the peepil here dont call me a dam J like they did in Denver. the peepil here dont call me anything. they all seem to think that if they look wize and say nuthin they may be mis-took for distinguished toorists and the consarned doods dont act soshabel to a stranger. But then we cant expect peepil out here so derved far from nowhere to know as mutch as we do so a sweet kiss and no moar from the pride of your buzom,

SILAS VASTINE.



HOW DETROIT GOT ITS TITLE.

BROWNLY—Do you know, in Detroit there is little call for mixed drinks?

SMITHLY—Is that so? What do they drink? Straight drinks, almost exclusively.

I suppose, then, that's the reason they call Detroit the "City of the Straits."

Undoubtedly.

BILL SNORT IN NEW YORK.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



HE great Texan writes to President Depew, of the New York Central Railroad—Snort apologizes to Depew for not having applied sooner—What Snort will give in return—He will support Chauncey for the vacant throne of Brazil—Chauncey promised a nice obituary in Snort's paper, with Latin and poetry—A damaging charge made against Depew by Dan Rice.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.

MY DEAR CHAUNCEY:—In a recent issue of the New York Sunday Mercury, I read the published applications of prominent citizens to you for passes over your railroad.

I have never applied to you for a pass, hence you must be very much bewildered over the failure of Col. Bill Snort, the greatest of living Texans (Col. Tom Ochiltree excepted), to utilize his opportunities.

As I do not desire to be considered eccentric or discourteous, I apply now for complimentary transportation facilities.

I hope this application will remove any prejudice against me which you may have entertained. Although a comparative stranger in New York, I desire to comply with local customs and take advantage of every chance to deadbeat my way. And you must not suppose that I intended to snub you.

But, Mr. Depew, I don't ask something for nothing. Quoting the language of St. James (Blaine) in his epistle to the Mulligans: "I do not propose to be a dead-head in this business." [See Revelations, during the campaign of 1884.]

I observe that you issued passes to the editors of the New York Tribune. Now, if I was as rich as White-law Reid, of the Tribune, and you were to insult me with a pass, I'd expose you through the press. But I am only the editor of an obscure Texas paper. The editor of a paper in Crosby county, Texas, where the business men read almanacs and pick their teeth with the tail of a salt mackerel, can't afford to look down even on railroad magnates, so you need not hesitate in sending me a pass.

But, as I said, you shall not lose anything by it, Chauncey. If you make me happy with a pass I'll make you happy through the columns of my Texas paper, the Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator, which will proclaim to the world that Chauncey Depew is the author of "Beautiful Snow."

Did the editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, whose entire family you dead-headed over your lines, year after year, reciprocate as copiously as Bill Snort proposes to do? I trow not. However, to show you that I really desire your happiness, I will also announce that you are a candidate for the vacant throne of Brazil—if I get that pass.

I don't claim that I can be of as much benefit to you as some of the recipients of your bounty, Mr. Scott, for instance, the recognized leader of the Cleveland Democrats in Pennsylvania. Mr. W. L. Scott wrote to you, when applying for a pass, "Although you are a Republican and I am a Democrat, we do not differ much with regard to our views in connection with corporate property, and I may be able to serve those interests should I pull through again," and you indorsed a big "Yes" on his application.

I have never been a Congressman, like Scott, but I share his views in regard to corporate property. Give me a chance to grab something, and I may become as worthy of your confidence as Scott. I am thoroughly corrupt, but only on a small scale as yet, owing to lack of opportunities.

In 1882, I stole the Rose Hill, Texas, ballot-box, in a nigger precinct, and the Senegambian was scooped by several hundred votes. Can't I get a pass on my Texas record?

Every statesman has to begin his career in a small way, by stealing ballot-boxes, etc. I don't suppose Scott became a Congressman all at once. Don't crowd the Man from Texas.

I observe that you grant free passes to all the assess-

sors. Not being an assessor, if you give me a pass I can't do as they probably do and reciprocate by reducing your taxes, but I would if I could. Can't you take the will for the deed? I've got the stuff in me to make a good New York assessor. I was indicted in Texas once for malfeasance in office and twice for perjury and three times for blackmailing, so you see I am not such an unworthy chap to give a pass to, after all. I may be as useful as an assessor some day. Can't you have me appointed an assessor?

I also forged an ancient Spanish title deed. Besides, I've got an uncle who has served out two terms in the Texas Legislature. Can't you get him passes to come on to New York? He shares the views of Scott in regard to corporate property.

Rev. Dr. Deems got a pass. Now, I don't claim to be a practicing clergyman, but I have been converted sixteen times, and know a fried yellow-legged chicken when I see it.

Of course, being a mere amateur, you will not derive as much benefit from my prayers as from those of a professional clergyman, who has influence at headquarters, but I am a willing little cuss, and will mention your road favorably in my orisons—if I am favored with a pass.

It seems to me that a railroad president, who is simultaneously a New York politician, would need all the prayers he could get, and more.

However, of one thing you may be sure, I'll not play whisky poker with the conductors between stations, as some persons do, and cause them to neg-



Dan Rice and Chauncey Depew Thirty Years Ago.

lect their duties—if I get that pass. (Send it by a trusty messenger.)

My dear Chauncey, you will receive other editorial courtesies in the Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator. I'll republish your after-dinner speeches. I'll lose subscribers by it, but I'll do it—if I get that pass.

From time to time complimentary mentions of a personal character, after the style of New York journalism, will appear in my paper. For instance, you may read some day that "Depew's toe-nails grow perfectly straight, and are as pink and white as a woman's"—if I get that pass.

And if you die, you will get a whole column with poetry, such as

"No further seek his frailties to disclose,"

or even a Latin proverb such as: "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"—if the pass be forthcoming.

Of course, if accidents occur on your road, I shall follow the example of other editors who receive passes, and exonerate the company, or say nothing at all about it—if I am passed regularly. You can also rely on me to go for the anarchists.

I don't want you to pass me over your road the way a Texas railroad magnate once did. He passed me like a streak of lightning. He was in his palace car, and I was on foot when he passed me.

Possibly some people may suppose you don't care three shakes of a sheep's tail what the papers say about you. I knew that sort of a man to ride fourteen miles in a blizzard to get a copy of a paper that referred to him as a typical American.

The poet says, "Shun the deadly upas tree," but after reading the list of people you pass every day over your roads it has no terrors for me. "Try not the pass, the old man said." Well, I'll risk it along with Mayor Grant, Bourke Cockran, Billy Mahone, Judge Arkell, Eli Perkins and the thousands of other typical Americans.

Of course you needn't send the pass, if you don't want to. I'm not running your business for you, but before you indorse a big "No" on this letter, communicate with Andy Faulkner, of the Texas Central, and ask him if he remembers what appeared about him personally in the Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator, when he refused to send me my annual. He will reply: "Give Snort the whole road."

Of course, you are my choice for President, and the man who attempts to rival you will be denounced as a sizzle-souled, insinuating whiffet, a violator of the ninth commandment, a sneaking freak of crime, etc., until he wishes he had never been born. And all this I offer in return for a pass.

By the way, Chauncey, I met Dan Rice the other day, and he told me that, when he was a young man, you and he were on the road together, being rival clowns in the same circus, but you got rich, and now you make out you don't know him.

Although I believe all he says about you, I'll denounce him as an unmitigated eliperkinser—if I get that pass.

Yours for reform,

BILL SNORT.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC CLERK.

A.—Are these boots really water-proof?

Clerk—Well, I should smile. With those boots on your feet can risk crossing the Atlantic.

HE DIDN'T MISS ANYTHING.

"You are not looking well," said a gentleman to a friend who was suffering from too much whisky.

"No, I'm all broke up. I'm mighty glad now I drank plenty whisky when I had a chance, for I couldn't do it now," was the response.

ROUGH ON THE PROFESSOR.

Professor (to a student who had on in the lecture hall a loud cravat instead of a white one)—These loud cravats are becoming very fashionable, it seems.

Student—Yes, Professor; that's so.

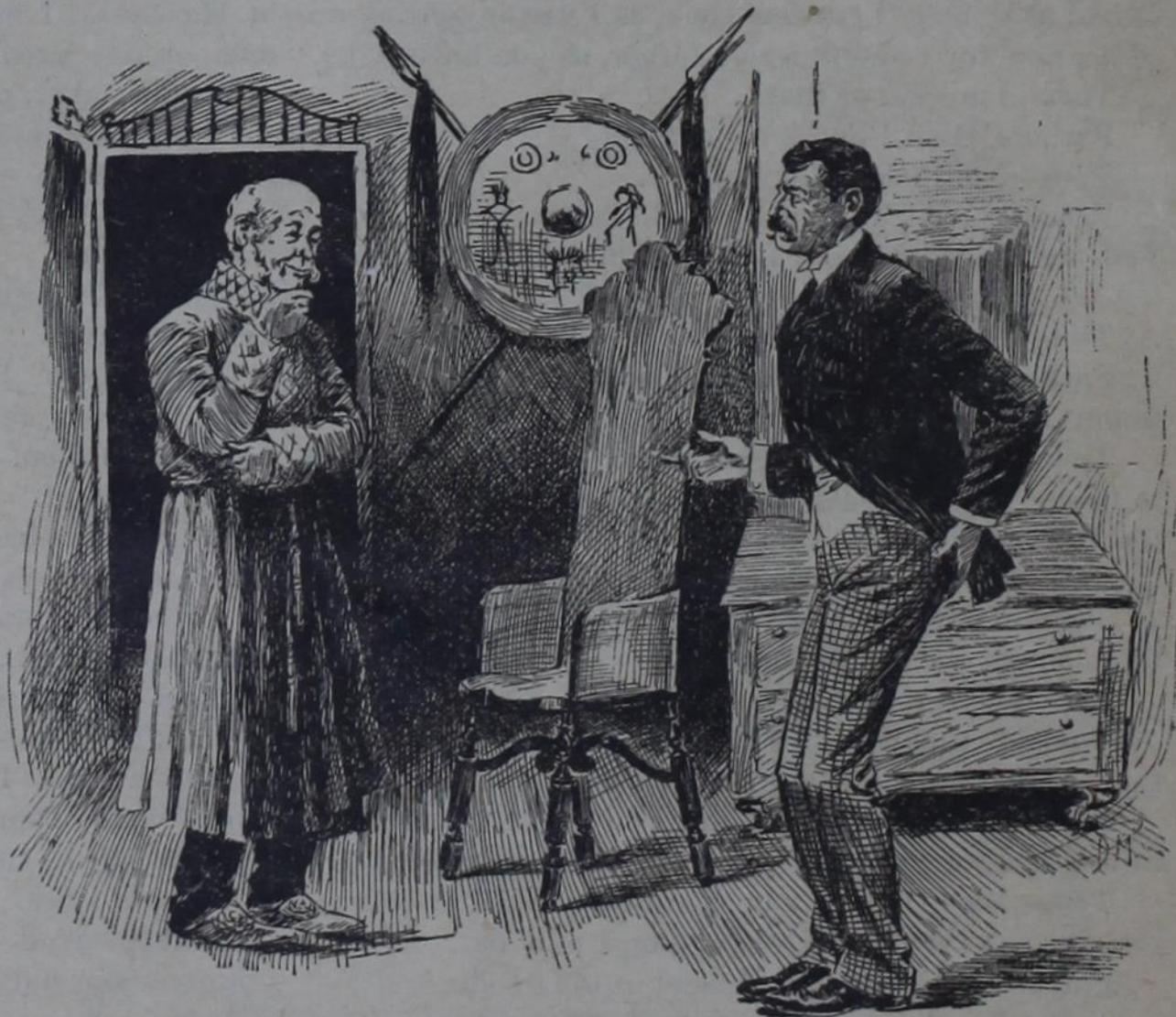
Professor (severely)—But they are not worn in the presence of gentlemen.

Student (somewhat confused)—No, Professor; they never are.

Jones—Just think of it. In Detroit a man had to pay \$5,000 for a stolen kiss. I would have managed it better.

Smith—How would you have managed it?

Jones—I would have given the lady back her kiss.



STRAIGHT-BACKED ANTIQUITY.

WIGGINS (rubbing certain tender personal points)—You seem to be a great admirer of antique furniture, Friend Oldboy.

OLDBOY—Why, yes; that chair, for instance, that you've been sitting in. It was formerly my great-grandfather's.

WIGGINS—I don't doubt it. It feels as if it might have killed off four generations!



A MORE DIFFICULT QUESTION.

[Saturday afternoon after matinée.]

AUNT MARTHA (on L road station)—Lordy, see 'em scramble! We never can get on that car in the world.

UNCLE SILAS—H'm! Let's walk. What was botherin' me was, how we could ever git off o' it!

THE MELANCHOLY EDITOR.

This is the season of the year when the melancholy journalist endeavors to infuse some of his gloom into the reading public.

He is troubled with autumnal reveries, which break forth in somewhat the following style:

"We hear the melancholy moan of the midnight wind that sounds like the dirge o'er the grave of some departed friend."

Yes, but we have often heard the same wind moaning like a dirge over a departed friend who owed us five dollars, which he has thus far failed to refund.

But the melancholy editor continues: "As we wander through the graves, and listen to the rustle of the withered leaves, we feel the loneliness of mind we cannot explain."

It is probably caused by the excess of bile. Little liver pills are a sure cure.

The truth is there is too much "loneliness of mind," "howls," "dirge," and the like in this world, anyhow, without the press being called in to augment the misery. The only possible excuse for such editorial crankism is that perhaps the printer is howling for copy, and the melancholy editor can write that sort of stuff faster than any other.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Bartender—If the beer don't come easily out of the barrel you must faucet.

Adonis—A man may go to waste in a good many ways, but the best way for you to go to waist is to put your arm round your best girl.

Theatre-goer—You say there are no flies on the stage, but you are wrong. The "flies" are located above the head lights and the "wings" are below them.

Masher—Your article on the nimble-footed ballet dancer, has been put under the heading of "Foot-light Gossip."

Wild West—New York will have the World's Fair in spite of Chicago's teeth, or feet, either. Anarchism and the Cronin case has shown Chicago to be cowardly, and you know that "none but the brave deserve the fair."

Ladybird—Worth, the man milliner of Paris, is worth a lot of money. In fact he's a millin-aire as the French say.

Blanche—You say you have a new wrinkle for clear-

ing the complexion. Let up, Blanche, we don't want wrinkles. What we wish is to get rid of them.

Marlin S.—No, you are wrong; a broker may be a man who breaks people up, but he often gets broke himself.

Sweet Sixteen—The best paper for lovers to take is the Court Journal.

Young Author—The paste we use is manufactured

in New York city. We require it at times for our clippings and it paste to use it.

JOHN S. GREY.

WIT.

There is no action of the intellect of which the object and uses, and even the very identity, are so often mistaken as wit. In some people satire passes for wit, the biting sarcasm, the keen jibe with the point dipped in burning gall are the coin which they endeavor to circulate for the genuine metal.

In others waggery is recognized as wit. The comical saying, the queer grimace, the dangerous art of mimicry, which are the admiration of a certain class, pass for wit.

Douglas Jerrold once said, "Wit I have heard called a merchant prince, trading with the whole world; while waggery is a green grocer, making up small penny 'orths for the local vulgar."

A PRUDENT COURTIER.

Frederick the Great, of Prussia, who had a violent temper, was in the habit of playing at dice with one of his adjutants, using a cup and two dice of solid silver.

One day Frederick complained that the game was rather dull when there was not money at stake, and proposed that they throw for a penny a throw.

"Not much," replied the adjutant, who was a plain-spoken sort of a man, "I think we had better not risk any money. As it is now without any moneyed inducement, when Your Majesty loses you throw the cup and dice at me. What will become of me if there should be money up on the game and Your Majesty should lose?"

A CAUTIOUS DONKEY.

Sam Johnsing—Huh, did you hear de parson say dat whoebber had stole his pumpkins would go ter de bad place?

Jim Webster—Heah! heah! ain't I glad I didn't steal nuffin but cabbages.

THE adventuress who brought so much scandal on an honored New York name and is now in prison, says she is without a ray of hope. She is without Ray Hamilton, too.



HIGH RENTS THE CAUSE.

PERAMBULATING CURBSTONE VENDER (who has just strolled over to Broadway)—Gollar buttons! Solid-bladed gollar buttons, only fifteen cents abiece!

PASSERBY—How's this, Isaacs? you offered me these identical buttons over on the Bowery yesterday at five cents each. I'll take one at that price.

ISAACS—I would loose moneys at dot price on der Broadway, because der rents are so high. Ven I valk down Vall streed I marks dem up to dwenty cents abiece.

A PAGE OF NAPOLEON I.

HOW HE GUY'D A FRENCH ADMIRAL.

AND HOW HE PLAYED LEAP-FROG WITH THE EMPEROR.

Translated for Texas Siftings from the French, by A. Miner Griswold.



A French Marshal, de Sainte-Croix, who was a page of Napoleon and a favorite of Josephine before he distinguished himself in the army, published his memoirs, from which I extract the following interesting episodes:

Before entering the army I was a page to Napoleon the First, but I can assure you that in the house of the Emperor this was no play day affair. When on duty it was necessary to remain all day long in the ante-chamber leading to the Emperor's private cabinet, with ear alert to catch the sharp sound of his bell, by which he signaled us to open the door, to give exit to some important diplomat, or make to enter some famous general.

The hours seemed very long to us, because we knew all the illustrious visitors who awaited an audience, and their names, appertaining already to history, had become too familiar to us to produce the least effect. We remarked, moreover, the haughty manner of the Emperor towards some of his generals, who had been his companions in arms, and that he knew how to hold them at a distance. Whatever may have been their familiarity and their *sans façon* in the bivouac or upon the field of battle, the atmosphere of the Tuilleries soon threw a coldness upon that. It was not then without reason that people said that the ceremonious manners and rigorous etiquette of the court of the Bourbons were preferable to the austere coldness and the inflexible stiffness of the imperial court.

The ante-chamber is always the reflection of the *salon*, and all the caprices and levities of the great man are quickly imitated by his inferiors. So when he appeared in bad humor a shadow of sadness spread over all the house. As to us pages, we were not long in identifying ourselves with the mood of the Emperor, and our impertinent manners, no doubt, were more detested by visitors than the brusque speech and searching regard of Napoleon himself.

As for me, specially, what malicious pleasure I took in stopping Talleyrand as he was approaching the Emperor's door, and saying, "Pardon, monsieur, His Majesty is not able to receive you to-day."

Or to a duke, "Monsieur the duke, His Majesty has not given the order to permit you to enter."

You can imagine how disconcerted were those whom I sent back to their place, in the midst of the crowd of people soliciting audience, the wily diplomat dissembling his embarrassment under an official smile, and the grave marshal blushing with indignation even to the whites of his eyes.

Truth to say, this was all the pleasure our position afforded us, though we made ourselves thoroughly detested thereby. This ambassador, who spoke haughtily in the councils of kings, became soft and almost timorous in approaching us; and that general, who would not have hesitated to charge a battery of artillery, showed himself timid as a girl in asking of us pages a simple question.

The Emperor habitually sounded his bell at the end of each audience in order that the next visitor following might enter, after the order of arrival, but the list was sometimes changed in behalf of important personages.

One day when I was on duty a list was given me. Napoleon was occupied that day with an inquiry regarding the naval forces of France, and in place of brilliant officers in splendid uniforms, the ante-chamber presented an array of uniforms of marine quite ordinary in appearance. I did not feel greatly flattered to be obliged to receive such unattractive visitors. The hall was quite full by noon, when I saw a little man of

bronzed face and compact figure enter, dressed in a big blouse of blue cloth, like a Breton fisherman, secured around his waist by a rude leather belt which supported a huge cutlass. His wide pantaloons were rolled up at the bottoms, displaying immense feet dressed in coarse blue stockings and wooden shoes.

In entering he had one hand in his pocket, and the other held a broad-brimmed tarpaulin. He saluted two or three officers in passing, and took a seat by the door, and was immediately absorbed in his reflections.

"What queer fish is this?" thought I, and running my eye down my list I saw that numerous pilots from Havre, Calais and Boulogne had been summoned to Paris to give certain information regarding the soundings and depths of the sea along the coast. "Ah," thought I, "the honest fellow has gotten into the wrong room," but there was something so original and striking in the ferocious old sea-wolf that I decided to let him rest in his error and not send him away. I moreover noticed that his coming had caused something of a sensation among the other occupants of the room, which amused me.

While I was regarding him, he took a chew of tobacco from an enormous *tabatière*, and said: "Look here, boy, you had better tell the Emperor that I am waiting to see him. It is past noon and I want to get a bit of lunch."

"Have a little patience," I replied; "without doubt His Majesty will invite you to dinner."

"So be it," said he, seriously; "If he doesn't eat too late I am his man."

"Then you know the Emperor?"

"*Certes*. I knew him when he wasn't any bigger than you are."

"How happy he will be to see you," said I, with difficulty repressing a smile; "I hope you have brought your family with you, because that would flatter the Emperor immensely."

"No," said the old tar, "I have left all my family at home. The court would hardly agree with us, and we have other things to do besides spending our time and our money with all the people who come here."

"And it is probably more agreeable for you," I added, "to hunt the wily codfish and search the succulent herring, gathering in a bit of drift-wood from a wreck now and then."

He looked at me for a moment like a tiger ready to spring; but he said nothing.

"And how many little sea-wolves have you in your ocean cave?" said I.

"Six," he growled, sullenly; "and every one of them able to hold you out at arm's length."

As he said this the door of the Emperor's Cabinet opened and Napoleon appeared. He took a rapid glance around the hall, and cried with flashing eyes:

"Who is on duty here?"

"I, sire; Sainte-Croix," I responded, springing from my seat and saluting profoundly.

"And where is Admiral Truquet? Why has he not been sent in to me?"

"He is not here," said I, trembling like a leaf.

"Stop, young man, not so lively. I am here," cried the sailor, rising to his feet.

"Ah, Truquet, my dear friend," cried the Emperor, placing both hands on the shoulders of the old tar, "how long have you been waiting?"

"Two hours and a-half," he responded, pulling out a watch as big as a saucer.

"How? two hours and a-half and I not informed of it?"

"That's no consequence, sire; I am always happy to serve Your Majesty. But if this lad hadn't told me that you would probably invite me to dinner—"

"He said that, did he?" cried Napoleon, giving me a savage glance; "Very well—yes—Truquet, you dine with me to-day. And you," he added, turning to me, "you dare to talk like that? Call the guard! Captain, arrest this fellow. He is disgraced, and will no longer be a page of mine. Out of my presence, Monsieur! *Sortez!*"

That evening I found myself at Sainte-Pélagie, where three weeks of prison on bread and water taught me to remember my first interview with the Emperor.

My second interview was no more happy than the first. My good benefactress, Empress Josephine, had finally obtained my pardon, and I had been sent to Saint-Cloud awaiting the time when the Emperor might forget my existence. It was a Siberia for me for, at Saint-Cloud, there was neither court nor reception, nor military parade, nor balls—nothing. Only a little troupe of servants occupied the palace.

But at these times, a lamp, like a star, shone in a little chamber on the second floor until four or five

THEN AG'IN—



JIM BOWKER, he said, ef he'd had a fair show, And a big enough town for his talents to grow, And the least bit of assistance in hoein' his row, Jim Bowker, he said, He'd fill the world full of the sound of his name, An' climb the top round in the ladder of fame. It may have been so; I dunno; Jest so it might been, Then ag'in—

But he had ternal luck; everythin' went ag'in him, The arrears of fortune they allus 'ud pin him; So he didn't get a chance to show what was in him,

Jim Bowker, he said,

Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come, An' the feats he'd a done, an' the heights he'd a clumb.

It may have been so;

I dunno;

Just so it might been,

Then ag'in—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less, Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success, An' give fortune the blame for all our distress,

As Jim Bowker, he said,

If it hadn't been for luck an' misfortune an' sich,

We might a been famous, and might a been rich.

It might be jest so;

I dunno;

Jest so it might been,

Then ag'in—

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

o'clock in the morning. There the Emperor worked alone, returning to Paris at the early dawn. But we never saw him.

One April night a number of us boys—all exiles like myself, were discussing our hard fate, when some one proposed that, to pass away the time, we go to the little private garden, separated from the park, and reserved for the Emperor alone. The hour when he was in the habit of coming there was passed and there was no danger of encountering him. For an hour or more we wandered therein, and then a daring lad suggested that we play leap-frog in the sacred place. The idea was welcomed with enthusiasm and the play commenced immediately, amid joyous peals of boyish laughter. It was drôle to play leap-frog in the pathway sacred to Napoleon, *n'est-ce pas?*

When my turn came to hunt the others, judge of my surprise when I could find nothing of them. They had disappeared. I ran here and there, and finally, by the pale light of the moon, discovered what I supposed was one of my comrades. I crept upon him softly on tip toe, and when near enough I suddenly leaped upon his shoulders. He lost his equilibrium through the fury of my *élan*, and fell prone upon the ground. I rolled over him, yelling with laughter, when all at once my supposed comrade bounded to his feet, and—horror of horrors—it was the Emperor!

His face, usually pale, was purple with rage, and he was unable to offer a word for an instant.

"Who are you?" he finally cried.

"Sainte-Croix, sire," I responded, falling to my knees, half dead with fright.

"Sainte-Croix! Always Sainte-Croix! Come here, young man! *Approchez!*" he howled, suffocated with rage.

I got up to obey, but before I could take a step he seized my shoulders, planted a vigorous kick on my posterior and cried, "*Allez-vous-en!*" Get out!

That is how I quitted the court of the Emperor to join the army, and how I became Marshal of France!

QUESTION IN GRAMMAR.

One of the Board of Education, going his rounds as an amateur, put the following question to a scholar in a country school:

"How do you parse, 'Mary milked the cow?'"

Pupil—"Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary."

"Stands for Mary!" exclaimed he of the Board; "how do you make that out?"

"Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk her?"

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Imparts Renewed Strength
and vigor where there has been exhaustion.

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by far the best and finest Stomach Bitters made whether taken pure or with wines or liquors.



SONG of the car-driver—"Listen to my tale of whoa."—Judge.

THE Chinaman is many a man's bosom friend.—Kearney Enterprise.

A BOUNCING baby should be imbued with elastic spirits.—Hotel Gazette.

CONTRACTING a disease instead of really contracting it expands it.—Binghamton Herald.

"NEVER say dye" is a motto that some barbers would grow poor on.—Merchant Traveler.

A MAN who wants to get at the root of a matter is not necessarily a hog.—Elmira Star.

EXPERIENCE in business teaches a man that too many debtors don't pay.—Binghamton Leader.

THE trouble with men who go to the devil is that they continue to stay with us.—Atchison Globe.

"SOME of the best people in the country put up with me," said the pawnbroker.—Kearney Enterprise.

A FEMALE hair-dresser says she wants to enter a boat race, for she can do nine knots an hour.—Dansville Breeze.

This rumpus about woman's rights
Is but the merest tussle,
For woman, like this question which
Has roused her to her highest pitch,
Is only a side issue.
—New York Sun.

IT is the man who orders a room on the top floor who takes up the most room in writing his name on the hotel register.—Atchison Globe.

THE "blues" are caused by the mind growing tired of its physical habitation and trying to get up a housecleaning.—Milwaukee Journal.

A MAN no sooner lets a confidential-looking stranger take him apart than he wants to pull himself together again.—New Orleans Picayune.

AFTER a man has finished putting up his stove-pipe the family parrot has to be kept out of the room when the minister calls.—Yonkers Statesman.

"It is a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head,
But that depends, we judge, in every case,
Whether the heart's a two-spot or an ace."
—Binghamton Republican.

THE man who shaves himself may save money, but think of the valuable information that he misses in the course of a year!—Somerville Journal.

NOTHING is more wearing on a sensitive nature than to be made a sort of safe-deposit where people can leave their secrets.—Milwaukee Journal.

IT is perfectly natural that the wee sma' hours should creep, but it takes a poet to understand how they creep on apace.—Binghamton Republican.

IF a man wants his wife to believe that he is a genius his wisest plan is to persuade her of it before he gets married. He will generally find it easier then.—Somerville Journal.

ONE of the heathen customs which lady missionaries have to get used to is not to look pleased when natives tell them their babies look sweet enough to eat.—Burlington Free Press.

A BIRMINGHAM man has invented a metal that can be distinguished from gold only by experts, though it can be turned out for sixty cents a pound. Merry Christmas!—Philadelphia Ledger.

NEXT to the Prince of Wales, King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands most enjoys a royal good time. We understand that he has already commenced to borrow money to attend the World's Fair in 1892.—Burlington Free Press.

M. PERETTI has written a book to prove that Columbus was a Corsican. We believe it, for when Isabella asked him if, with the proceeds of her necklace, he could get down east by sailing west, he answered: "Of course I can."—San Francisco Alta.

Angostura Bitters make health, and health makes bright, rosy cheeks and happiness.

Serenading Horrors.

When we Americans import a fashion, we generally amplify it. It has been thus with serenading. There is a good deal of meet-me-by-moonlight melody executed on stringed instruments in Spain and Italy and bellowed through brass in the land of the Teuton, but we can out-serenade them all.

Our style of open-air music is not the Blondel style, of which the leading features are a guitar, a blue ribbon, a Spanish cloak and a pair of upturned eyes. Catgut we eschew. Our weakness is brass and plenty of it. Our enamored Romeos not unfrequently make amorous war upon their Juliets with a band of sixteen pieces of musical artillery.

Of course, there is no concealment in such resonant wooing. The whole neighborhood is painfully sensible of the fact that Miss Somebody's heart is being bombarded with a park of "mellow horns," or a combination of cornets-a-piston, and other air-shattering metallic nuisances.

Miss S. is supposed to like it. The neighborhood, on the contrary, would prefer the feline recitative which it interrupts and supersedes for the time being.

Persons who have had the misfortune to lodge next door to the dwelling of a noted belle in the serenading season, need not be told what brazen admiration can do in the way of making night hideous. But even such persons may well be envied by the more unhappy wretches who dwell in the vicinity of "popular idols" during periods of great political excitement. Your "man of the people" is, on such occasions, as a mark set up for musical target practice. Committees wait upon him in the day time to get his range, and in the stilly night, as many as fifty brass pieces of various caliber sometimes open upon him at once. No previous notice having been given to the non-combatants of the parts adjacent, they have to remain under fire until our distinguished fellow-citizen comes out and capitulates in a spread-eagle harangue, which usually concludes with a proffer of ransom in the shape of punch and provant. Cheers, tigers and a grand tubular explosion that makes the sashes rattle, conclude the entertainment—the whole constituting a political—we beg pardon—a patriotic serenade.

The truth is that "hollow brass," in some form or other, is the great exponent of public sentiment in this country. Every person who has arrived at the dignity of being voted for, all illustrious strangers, male and female, all domestic celebrities and notorieties, are eligible to the honors of a brass serenade. Some years ago even a forger, on returning home after an enforced sojourn of some years in the State prison, was greeted with the usual nocturnal tribute to greatness.—New York Ledger.

Catarrah Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrah, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Marshal Brennan.

Thomas S. Brennan, the "Big Injun" of Tammany Hall, who for years has been the grand marshal of all their parades, in a recent interview said:

"How tall am I? Well, only six feet and a half inch. I don't know why they make a marshal of me so often, unless it is that I am not easily lost in a crowd. I am a member of the Old Guards of New York, and we have a parade every year. My friends say they look for me over the heads in a crowd when they want to know if the procession is coming, and they pass word down the line, 'Here comes the parade; I can see Tom Bren-

nan.' I'm proud to say I was the marshal of the biggest political parade in New York. It was the Tilden hurrah, when we had 84,000 men in the line, and started right on the dot without anybody being left behind. You want to know the secret of my success in managing parades? It is just this. At every arrangement meeting I get the floor before the adjournment and give the plainest directions I can. Then I use printer's ink wherever possible, conveying exact information."—N. Y. Sun.

In a Chestnut Shell.

"The oyster trust has had a set back," remarks an exchange. We are glad of it. There are some oysters that most grossly betray your trust, but you never know it till you have got 'em down.

It is but natural, we suppose, that a glowing kiss should set fair cheeks aflame.

Talk about dress as you please, but it is the man employed at the abattoir who wears the killing costumes.

"There is something in the Keely motor after all," observes an exchange. There is. There has been a good deal of money put into it, but whether it will ever be got out again is something that we can't say anything about.

Strange as it may appear, it is when the fall comes that trade takes a rise.

In anger the voice is high, in love low, so in this case it is better to be low than high.

"Men must get broke into misfortunes," remarks a philosopher, "before they can stand them with fortitude." Very likely, but in such misfortunes as the smallpox and the measles, they get broke out.

The medium is perhaps the best pace in life, for we observe some men found fault with for being slow and others for being fast.

"What is the difference between a giant and a grocer?" Well, we suppose the difference lies in the fact that the giant's weight is heavy and his measure large.

"The pace that kills"—That of the fast young man.—Boston Courier.

Go Into the Stubble-Field.

A southern writer says: "The Italian skies, how beautiful, how charming, how inspiring!" Poor, weak, imitative fool! where can you find fairer skies than those of America? The Italian sky has figured extensively in English literature, which is well enough, for the average sky of England is dull, but American writers simply make fools of themselves in following up the idea.

"Our dull skies," said a southern poet. Wonder if he ever cradled tangled oats on a side hill? During the summer season the Arkansaw sky is decidedly bright, too bright, in fact. The dawn comes with a great blush, and noon wears an intense glare. Slowly the light is turned down in the evening, and when the blaze of day has been extinguished, purple fringe hangs everywhere. Oh, poet, don't tell us of Italian skies, but go into the stubble-field where the partridge whirrs through a silvery sheen and the crest of the bumble-bee dazzles the eye.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Perfectly Fiendish.

To be assaulted by the three imps, dyspepsia, constipation and liver complaint—a trio of satanic birth—is perfectly fiendish. This often happens. The hateful three, however, soon whisk away to the nether inferno when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is employed to evict them. As a stomachic and alterative of disordered conditions of the bowels and liver it is speaking within bounds to say that there is not in existence a medicine so widely known as this, and few indeed which have received such positive and authoritative sanction from the medical fraternity. The fact that it promptly relieves, then extirpates, the three maladies of most common occurrence, ought and does make it the most popular of family medicines. But, in addition to that, it has achieved the foremost reputation as a preventive of and remedy for chills and fever, rheumatism, nervous and kidney trouble.

He Witnessed an Explosion.

We were talking about steamboat racing and steamboat accidents in the olden days, when the man with the cataract in his left eye interrupted the speakers with:

"Gentlemen, I have been intimately connected with about a dozen steamboat explosions in my life, though I never saw but one. Do you want the particulars?"

We said we did, and he got his breath and continued:

"It was four miles above Natchez, and twenty-five years ago. I stood on the bank just at noon, and just as The Octoroon came booming down the river. She was a grand big boat, loaded down with people, and when exactly opposite me, and not a quarter of a mile away, she exploded both boilers and went to Hades cross lots. There was a boom, a crash, an awful roar, and she was gone. She just faded right out in three seconds."

"But what of the people?" anxiously inquired one.

"The people? Well, about a hundred killed, and something like another hundred hurt or scalded. It was a grand sight. My father-in-law was one of the lost. No artist could do such a scene justice on canvas. My wife was also one of the victims. It seemed as if the boat rose twenty feet into the air and then shattered into a million pieces. One of my aunts and two of my children went to their death. She was fairly in front of me, and I had my gaze on her, and so I saw every detail. My grandfather was coming down on a visit, but he went to his doom. The first warning of the awful tragedy was—"

"Any more relatives of yours aboard?" interrupted one of the group.

"A few."

"Then I move we adjourn. I want some of them to live through it."

And we walked away and left the old liar looking sad and disconsolate.—Chicago Journal.

A Criticism As Is a Criticism.

The "Farmer's Daughter" was produced at the Grand last Wednesday night. It was one of the most wonderful plays we ever witnessed. It was like the peace of God, in that it passed all understanding. The farmer's daughter evidently made a mistake when she adopted the stage as a profession. She should have remained among her milk-pans and pursued the even tenor of her way upon the farm. Adelaide Cherrie is a magnificent-looking woman, with a voice strong enough to ditch a train. She played the adventuress and murdered people who always insisted on coming back to life in the next act. We are not aware what idea the author of the play had when he wrote it, but it reminds us more strongly of a mince-pie nightmare than anything else.—Portsmouth (O.) Times.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

What his Crime Was.

First Texan—"We had a lynchin' here yesterday."

Second Texan—"Hoss thief?"

First Texan—"Naw. 'Twas a N'Yark dood who couldn't say nothin' but 'Just fawncy.'"—Munsey's Weekly.

The simplest and best regulator of the disordered Liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. They give prompt relief in Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, &c.; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles; remove Sallowiness and Pimples from the Complexion, and are mild and gentle in their operation upon the bowels. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and as easy to take as sugar. One pill a dose. Price 25 cents.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



JUDGE OLIVER H. HORTON, LL.D.,
OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Hon. Oliver H. Horton, LL.D., in May, 1855, removed from New York State to Chicago, where he has ever since resided. In the spring of 1860 he commenced the study of law, and remained in the same office from that time until June, 1887, a little over twenty-seven years.

The later years he was senior member of the firm, which became the oldest and one of the best-known law firms in Chicago. Judge Horton, though often solicited, always refused to accept any political office until 1887. In April of that year the position of Corporation Counsel was tendered to him, which he declined to accept. Notwithstanding this, and without his knowledge, he was nominated by the Mayor and confirmed by the unanimous vote of the Common Council. Under these circumstances he finally accepted the position.

In less than two months thereafter, he was called by a vote of the members of the bar (at which ninety-five per cent. of the ballots were cast for him) to accept a nomination as Judge of the Circuit Court. He was elected without opposition.

Judge Horton is an active member of the Methodist Church and has filled every position open to a layman in that church, including that of delegate to the General Quadrennial Conference, and to the Ecumenical Conference, held in London, in 1881. He has been for many years a member of the Board of Trustees of the North Western University, now the largest educational institution in the West; also a member of the Governing Board, and President of the Union College of Law, of Chicago, as well as a member of numerous hospital and other official boards.

Since his elevation to the bench, Judge Horton has sat as a chancellor only. No judge has ever attained higher rank as a jurist in the same length of time. His integrity and his perfect fairness to all have never been questioned even by unsuccessful litigants.

The Value of Politeness.

Magistrate (to prisoner upon whom he is about to pass sentence)—“Do you ever think of your mother?”

Prisoner (much affected)—“Ye-es, your honor; but she's dead.”

Magistrate (sympathetically)—“I did not intend to hurt your feelings. I hope you will pardon me.”

Prisoner (brightening)—“Don't mention it, your worship. I hope you will pardon me.”

Magistrate (catching his drift)—“Don't mention it.”—London Tid-Bits.

A Convincing Symptom.

Millicent—“Jamie, papa has given me a new watch, and it is the most bashful little creature in the world.”

Jamie—“Bashful?”

“Yes, Jamie; it holds its hands before its face all the while.”—Jewelers' Weekly.

Harsh, purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

Poets are Born.

He was tall, thin and hungry looking, and when he told the editor he was a poet, the editor didn't say a disputatory word. But he didn't get his poetry in the paper, just the same, and the man with the blue pencil and the preoccupied air made several remarks.

“Poets are born, sir!” he said haughtily, as he rolled up his manuscript.

“And I'm doggoned sorry for it,” said the editor.—Merchant Traveler.

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The fact that the sale of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets exceeds that of any other pill in the market, be it great or small, is on account of the fact that they are tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, and that in most cases one little “Pellet” is sufficient for a dose; that they are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; and for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from derangement of the liver, stomach or bowels, they are absolutely a specific. A gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to the size of dose.

Burial in the Air.

Under the influence of the missionaries the Indians of Montana are fast abandoning their old custom of placing their dead on platforms, or hanging them, wrapped in blankets, to the limbs of the big cottonwood trees which grow along the streams; but now and then the hunter or cowboy still finds one of their old platform cemeteries, or, it may be, only a tomb standing in the solitude of the vast, grassy plains. The original object of this odd way of disposing of corpses was undoubtedly to protect them from the wolves, which would speedily dig up any grave such as the Indians could make without picks and shovels. In course of time the rude platform would be upturned by decay and the winds, but the Crow or Blackfoot kinsmen of the deceased had done their duty in the way of sepulture as well as they could and were not responsible for such accidents. After all, the main thing was to satisfy the ghost of the departed so that he would go at once to the happy hunting grounds, content with the honors paid to his remains, and not hang about to haunt his relatives.—Exchange.

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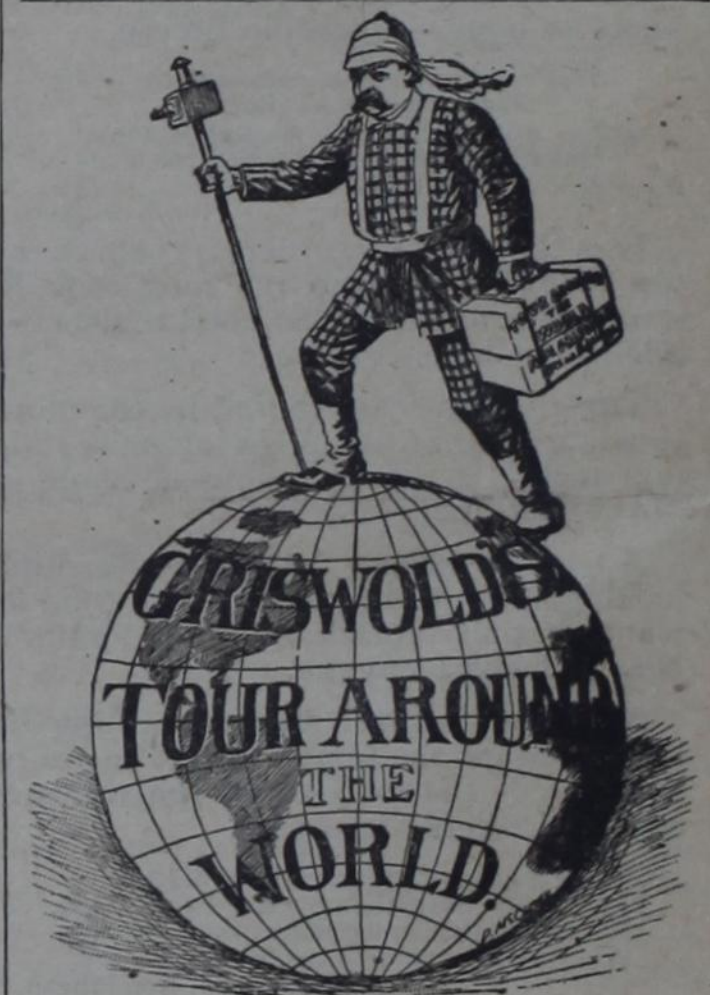
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Clara Morris' two weeks' engagement at the Windsor Theatre proved highly successful from an artistic as well as a pecuniary aspect.

It is thought that Mrs. Langtry will return to this country to act in the fall of 1890. Her lease of a London theatre expires next summer.

At the Palmer breakfast to Mr. Wyndham very liberal sentiments toward foreign actors were expressed by some of the distinguished guests present, notably Gens. Sherman and Porter and Hon. Chauncey Depew. By the way, what has become of the American Actors' High Protective Association?

The latest clerical crank to seek notoriety by that resort of small minds, denunciation of the stage, is Rev. Dr. Dille, of Oakland, Cal. But a vigorous defender of the dramatic profession came to the front at once in the columns of the Oakland Enquirer. He didn't Dille-dally. The curtain will continue to rise at the usual hour.

The realistic effects produced in The Dark Secret, which was played at the People's Theatre last week, were extremely effected and elicited storms of applause. Everything in that line is done very thoroughly at Mr. Miner's East Side temple of the drama. Cora Tanner in Fascination is fascinating large audiences at the People's this week.

The Actors' Order of Friendship made the event of Edwin Booth's fifty-sixth birthday, an occasion for paying him a touching tribute of their regard. It was at the Broadway Theatre, New York, where he is playing a very successful engagement. Several delegates came on to the stage as the curtain fell on the last act of Hamlet, and presented him with the jewel of the Order, attended by a few appropriate words uttered by their spokesman, Louis Aldrich. Mr. Booth responded feelingly.

Last week Lew Dockstader made a new departure at his popular theatre. He supplanted the usual vaudeville portion of his entertainment with a bright and lively comic opera from the German, entitled All Aboard, which was well acted and sung, and won hearty commendation. Mr. Dockstader appeared in uncorked face as Old Grimback, making a decided hit. Nora Vernon played the heroine with much spirit and sang herself into the affections of the audience. Bettina Girard and George Marion performed their parts well. An entertaining first part precedes the opera.

Jack Jenks was a victim of liver complaint. His strength was exhausted, his pulse had grown faint. He had ulcers and tumors and all sorts of humors. And the ills that he suffered would weary a saint. Folks said that Jack Jenks would never be cured. But Jack said he would—that they might be assured. Pierce's G. M. Discovery wrought his recovery. After all the poor fellow so long had endured.

Such a multitude of serious, distressing and often fatal maladies spring from a disordered liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery creates a healthy action of this important organ, and the ills that have their origin there can be cured by its prompt and faithful use. All druggists.

The Art of Leaving.

When Mme. de Stael visited Weimar with the avowed intention of intellectually capturing the literary lions of the day, Goethe and Schiller, she made one fatal mistake; she stayed too long. Goethe wrote to Schiller: "Mme. de Stael is a bright entertaining person, but she ought to know when it is time to go."

The art of leaving is less understood by women than by men. The habits of business, the recognized fact that to a business man time is money, the throng and press and exactingness of business life, all tend to make men who live in cities the best possible exemplars of the fine art of leaving quickly and neatly. A business man's social call is usually a model of good manners in this respect. When he has said what he has to say, and listened to what there is to hear, he takes his hat, and says "good evening," and is out of your presence without giving any time or chance for the too often tedious and embarrassing commonplaces of mutual invitations and promises to call again, which seem to be a kind of formula with women. In striking contrast with this neat and skillful method of cutting short the parting words of an interview or call, is the too common social practice of visitors, who, commencing to leave, seem temporarily to abandon their purposes, and then linger, as though it were a kind of compliment to the visiting party to appear loath to part company.

Who does not dread the visitor who starts, then thinks of something else to say, rises, and then thinks of another subject of conversation, nearly reaches the door, and, most probably holding it open, is aroused to a degree of mental brilliancy that threatens his health and that of his hostess by long detaining of both in a cold draft while he discourses? What a tax on the patience and politeness of the listener, who vainly strives, by assenting instantly to every proposition, to end the interview, and break the restraining bond of polite attention.—Philadelphia Record.

He Knew What that Involved.

In the office of the New York Solar System:
Managing Editor—"Didn't you empty the waste-baskets this morning, Jimmy?"
Office-boy—"Naw!"
"Why not?"
"'Cause I heard de business manager say der wuz goin' ter be eight more pages in der Sunday paper."—Boston Times.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Startling News.

"Any startling news in the paper this morning, Mr. Homerun?" asked his wife at the breakfast table.

"Startling? Well, I should say so!" exclaimed her husband, excitedly. "Here is an article headed, 'Mulvey Signs with the Brotherhood.'"—Norristown Herald.

The itching of the scalp, falling of the hair, resulting in baldness, are often caused by dandruff, which may be cured by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Balked at Last.

St. Peter—"Who are you?"
New Spirit—"Um—I was the manager of a British syndicate—"
"Well, you skip. This place is not for sale."—N. Y. Weekly.

Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

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It has been raging for a long time, but it is certain that the first frost will kill the yellow fever in shoes.—Shoe Reporter.

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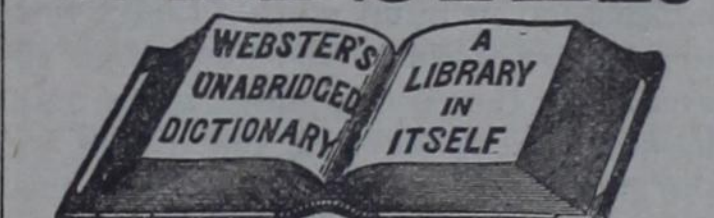
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Dear Sir,—I have been wearing a pair of your grained leather shoes, such as you advertise in The Century, for over a year, and I never have found their equal for comfort, either for summer or winter wear. Enclosed find P. O. Order for \$5.50, also measure of feet, taken with light-weight socks. I want the thickest soles you have.

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Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (two weeks apart) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.



The St. Louis Magazine for December is full of admirable Christmas matter.

Drake's Magazine for November is the beginning of its 8th volume. And still its popularity grows.

Rochester, N. Y., has a first-class humorous illustrated paper called The Jury, with a wide-awake editor, William Niell Butler. We welcome it to a position on our exchange list.

The complete story in Lippincott's for December is by John Habberton, and entitled All He Knew. We thought Habberton had told all he knew in Helen's Babies, but it seems not. Fiddler Rake's Fiddle, by Roswell Page, is a very amusing story.

Harper's Magazine for December is a charming holiday number. To begin with there is an interesting paper, Merry Wives of Windsor, by Andrew Lang, with eleven notable illustrations from the pencil of E. A. Abbey. Then there is a story by Thomas Hardy, The First Countess of Wessex. Peculiarly appropriate for this number is The Flight into Egypt, by Henry Van Dyke, with illustrations from paintings by Murillo, Giotto, W. Holman Hunt and others. There is a pretty story of a Golden Wedding, by Ruth McEnerry Stuart. Theodore Child writes of Modern Russian Art, and Lafcadio Hearn describes A Ghost in his own weird way.

The Secret Way. By Edward Bulwer Lytton. Illustrated by Frank O. Small. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price \$3.00. While much of Lytton's work—chiefly of the ultra-sentimental sort—has attained and kept a kind of album-sentiment popularity, his really poetic and classic version of the handful of Greek stories published under the name of the lost Tales of Miletus never commanded in America, at least, any very extended audience. The tales, told in flowing unrhymed, yet most rhythmically musical verse, are admirably selected—or as some sceptics claim admirably imitated—from early classic romance. Their themes are the eternal ones—love, revenge, the lust of glory. The single tale here selected for reproduction and illustration is the first of the original series.

The New York Dramatic Mirror has added a new department to its columns. This department will present each week the views of some well-known dramatic writer on topics of timely interest. Each writer is to choose his own subject, unless he prefers to controvert the opinions of another who has preceded him in the series. The first of these weekly essays appears in the current issue of The Dramatic Mirror. It is from the pen of Dion Boucicault, and treats of Naturalism, the new departure in stage literature. The list of special contributors who will succeed Mr. Boucicault includes Henry Guy Carleton, Albert E. Lancaster, George Edgar Montgomery, Elwyn A. Barron, Clinton Stuart, B. E. Woolf, Charles Barnard, William Gillette, Brander Matthews, Laurance Hutton and others.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have the usual supply of gift books suitable for the holidays. A delightful present

for children is Nast's Christmas Drawings, showing Santa Claus in a variety of humorous scenes and phases. The little boy calling Santa Claus by telephone, and S. C. replying are very funny pictures. This book has 130 pages, it is printed on heavy paper and fitted with an illuminated linen cover. Price \$2.00. Another and more pretentious holiday book is Winter in Algeria, written and illustrated by the famous artist, Frederick Arthur Bridgman. The subjects treated are 37 in number, accompanied by 254 attractive illustrations. The book is unique and would adorn any library. A book that would delight boys, who are always fond of adventures, is Dorymates; A Tale of the Fishing Banks, by Kirk Monroe. It is profusely illustrated.

Suspicious Attributes.

"He moved in the best society, was prominent in church and Sunday-school work, his habits were good, his associates were of the best, and he was not, so far as his nearest friends knew, a speculator." The foregoing is a sentence plucked from the body of a dispatch in a morning paper. Of course everybody recognizes the person referred to, and reads in the brief quoted description the whole story of his downfall. This time the scene of his operations is a little town in Massachusetts and the Ware National bank is the sufferer. The time is approaching when persons to whom this bit of description applies will be shunned in business even as the leper is shunned. Good habits and prominence in church and Sunday-school work are coming to be regarded as mighty suspicious attributes.—Chicago Mail.

Women with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

How to Treat the Society Reporter.

"William," said a lady to her footman, "I desire that you shall treat the society reporter properly when he calls here." "Yes'm." "And instead of handing any victuals out to him by the back door invite him into the kitchen to eat 'em." "Yes'm." "I'm not particular about having my name in the paper, but when a society reporter comes to this house to obtain information about my parties, I want you to take care of him. Give him a bite of everything that comes down stairs and let him have all the wine that is left in the glasses when the gentlemen leave the dining-room to join the ladies."—Boston Courier.

She Was a "Native Daughter."

"So you're going to marry old Jones, are you, Maud?" "Yes, Cicely." "Awfully rich, isn't he?" "Yes, beastly rich." "But I thought you were going to marry young Spriggins. Weren't you engaged?" "Oh, yes, indeed! But he has just gone abroad for a couple of years. I expect to marry him when he returns." "Oh! And Mr. Jones?" "Humph! He won't last that long. Nothing like having a nice young husband and plenty of money, too!"—San Francisco Wasp.

Come to Think of It.

Miss Pert—"And what did you come to see me for to-night, Reginald?" Reginald (very absent-minded)—"For my life, I don't know—but, yes, now I come to think of it, I came to ask you to marry me. Will you?" Miss Pert—"For my life, I don't know—but, yes, now I come to think of it, you may get out."—Chicago Chaff.

Interesting for Both of Them.

An old negro woman was accosted by a lady in this city, who stopped her carriage to ask:

"Aunt, do you know of a good cook who wants to hire?"

"Yes, mistis," replied the fat, jolly, ebony dame, "I wants to hire mighty bad. Who's de lady?"

"A friend of mine—a Mrs. —."

The old woman gave a frowning gesture. "Lor, mistis, I wouldn't hire to dat voman fur nuthin'. She's de meanes' white voman in de country."

"How do you know, Aunt?"

"Lor, I done hear as how she is fum all de colored folks. Dey can't nothin' please her. She quar'l at her servant gals all de time. She so 'tickler nottin' doan suit her."

"But, aunt, I know Mrs. —, and she really isn't such an awful woman as you think."

"No, mistis, you can't 'suede me dat woman is good. I knows."

"Well, aunt, I'm Mrs. —."

A flash of flying skirts, a glimpse of long black heels as they turned down the alley, and the old darky was no more.—Atlanta Constitution.

Not So Excellent.

Brown—"What's all this you're doing?"

Little Johnny—"Please, dad, teacher told me if I wanted to learn quickly, I was to put down every word I didn't know and ask you what it meant."

Brown—"That's an excellent plan, my boy."

Little Johnny—"Well, dad, I have on this piece of paper 103 words marked down."

Brown—"Johnnie, go right up stairs to bed this moment."—The Epoch.

English as she is Spoke.

In Chicago. Miss Wabash—"Lulu Stanwix told me to-day that she saw young Mr. Lakefront while the officers were conducting him to the quinquelocular."

Miss Breezy—"That's just like her. She's always trying to make one believe she is omniscient."—Judge.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN,

Instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Throat, (Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Stiff Neck, all congestions and inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Kidneys, or Bowels.

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IS Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**. It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

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IN THE RING.



"One kiss before you go, dear papa; clasp me in your arms again—
For soon I shall be gone forever, far away from earthly pain!"
He stooped to kiss his little one, and tear-drops gathered in his eyes;
He turned away and left her side, his bosom wrung with anguished sighs.

The lights are up, the music rings, the plaudits of the merry crowd,
Beneath the showy canvas there, are sounding boisterous and loud;
The clown has entered, and the laughs that greet him show his mirthful fame,
His cheeks are flushed with merriment: his quips and jokes are just the same!

They do not see the anguish hidden underneath that motley dress!
The wistful longing in those eyes, the merry throng could never guess!
And there, with seeming happy heart, the mirth and jollity go on
Till all the crowd to happiness that hapless clown has won.

The lights are out; the ring is hushed; the noisy crowd away has fled;
But to the clown, who hurries home, a message comes—"Your child is dead!"
He steps in woe unto her side, he takes her hand, so still and cold—
But why repeat to other ears the story that's so oft been told!

Ah! why repeat the truth that each heart must ever be confessed—
The tear, the sigh, you'll daily find commingled with the jibe and jest,
Of many on the stage of life who play the motley jester's part
And merry seem, while pain and anguish gnaw the throbbing brain and heart!

—Monroe H. Rosenfeld, in New York Clipper.

A BOVINE SOLILOQUY.

The cow which all the summer through
Has feasted on the clover,
Beneath the sunlit skies of blue
That arched in beauty over,
Now sad and melancholy strays
Across the chilly lea;
But ever and anon she says:
There are no flies on me!

—Chicago Herald.

COMPENSATION.

The wild blast sweeps o'er the dreary plain,
And the fields are white with rime,
And the days are cold and we sigh again
For the sweets of the summer time.

The songs of birds and the breath of flowers,
And the sunshine warm and bright;
The long, long days with their halcyon hours
And the beautiful summer night.

But, why, after all, should we heave a sigh
That the birds have taken wing
When we have got rid of the pesky fly
And the fierce mosquito's sting!

Though we cannot live at the beach in tents,
Nor the wild sands daily roam,
We are not obliged to pay five cents
For a schooner of lager foam.

Then hey for the days when the wild winds rage
And we look upon landscapes drear,
They bring us the turkey stuffed with sage
And the royal Thanksgiving cheer!

—Boston Courier.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Thoughts Between Puffs.

Warnings against juvenile cigarette smoking are best sounded with a shingle.
Gladstone couldn't learn to smoke when he was young, yet during his career he has caused many mighty men to do so.

It may have been the devil that "sowed the seed," but religionists of all denominations reap the harvest of the weed with careful labor.

If you sell or give a minor a cigarette or paper and tobacco out of which to make one in Georgia you become a law-breaker.

Porter—"There's a man in the smoker who says he won't go into an upper berth 'cause his life ain't insured."

Conductor—"If he's got \$5 to fool away for his life put him in the director's car."

An old maid, who has read about the recent invention of smokeless powder, thinks that some one ought to invent a smokeless tobacco.—New York Herald.

A Lost Temperance Lesson.

Col. Kaintuck (offering his flask to a stranger on railroad train)—"Have a swig, stranger?"

Stranger (a temperance advocate, with dignity)—"No, sir, I thank you."

Col. Kaintuck—"All right; got your own flask, I reckon. That's the best way, after all."

Stranger (meaningly)—"Some years ago, when traveling in Alaska, I came across a tribe which had never known the taste of liquor—"

Col. Kaintuck (with interest)—"Eh? White men?"

Stranger—"No, savages."

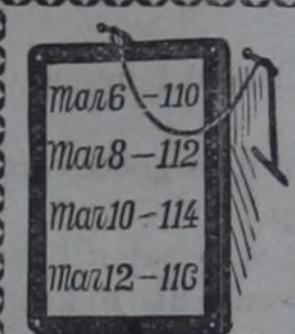
Col. Kaintuck—"Of course, of course—enough to make anybody savage."—New York Weekly.

Pride and Prejudice.

(Time 3:30 P. M.)

Smithington—"If you will come to my room, my man, I'll give you an old dress coat to wear."

Dilapidated tramp—"Say, look a' here, do you suppose that I've fallen so low that I wear a swaller-tail before 6 P. M? Never!"—Harvard Lampoon.

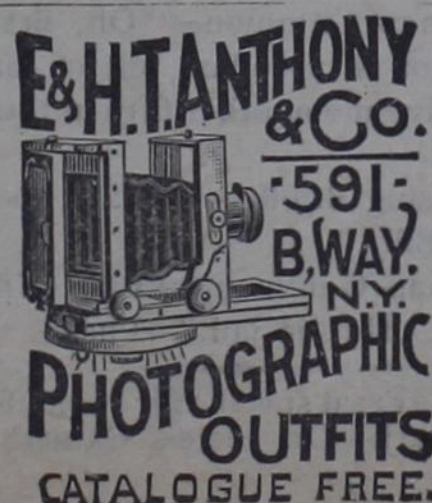


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SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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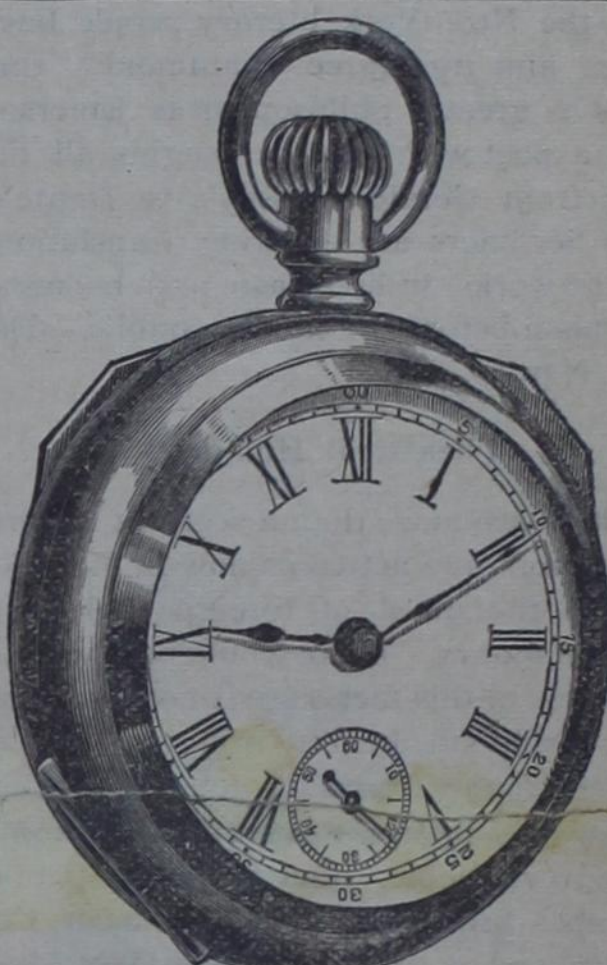
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THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY,
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The Ibsen Craze.

The newest craze among the people who affect literature rather than possess an honest interest in it is the Ibsen craze. It is a very recent movement, so much so, in fact, that it has scarcely yet traveled outside New York, where the seeds of Ibsenism were first sown in this country.

Ibsen is a Norwegian, of the same hardy literary school as Boyesen and Bjornson, but without the adaptability which the former has shown to American intellectual moods. He is a poet and a dramatist in his Scandinavian tongue. He rose from the people, was an apothecary's clerk in early life, a medical student in his spare hours, and a tradesman in the days of his father's financial reverses. These incidents seem to have affected him overmuch, for the translations so far published from his manifold works are couched in terms of misanthropy and cynicism. He is a pessimist in his worst moods, and to an irreverent mind his works might suggest their author as the apostle of selfishness. But the New York literary people have taken him up, agree unanimously that he is as great a philosopher as Emerson and a poet with powers ranging all the way from Gerald Massey's to Dante's. The Scribners are securing translations of his works in hot haste and booming Ibsenism before the literary public.—Detroit News.

Theatrical Humbug.

There are more than a score of American actors and actresses now in Europe, hot in the quest of foreign fame and foreign money. There would be a wealth of solace in this fact were it not also true that each steamer is bringing to our shores some tragic or operatic actor, whose hold upon the dear people at home has grown feeble. Our fame as a nation of dupes brought Irving, Bernhardt, Coquelin and a train of smaller fry. But there seems to be no remedy. For a quarter of a century this country has been worshipping foreign art, music and drama, ever ready to be humbugged by anything which has a trans-Atlantic savor.

But this disposition is not confined wholly to foreigners. The home actors have caught the same spirit, forget the high possibilities of their profession and continually strive to bring out the clap trap, neglecting the artistic. Plays without plots and plots without purpose are crowding out the legitimate drama. Non-descript characters, affected and impossible, in pieces devoid of a single true element of social philosophy, in situations improbable, are sure to attract American dollars. If our delegation now abroad can only dupe the old world people a tithe as much as the new world folks have been fooled, it will be a cause for great rejoicing.—Detroit News.

A Boy who Turned Out Badly.

Farmer Hayseed—"I jes' tell you this 'ere edication ain't no good to a young man at all; jes' spoils 'em."

Visitor—"Think so?"

Farmer Hayseed—"Huh! Krow so. Do you know Bill Smikes? Don't? He lives in that 'ere white house over the hill. Well, Smikes had a boy he was bound to edicate, an' he did, too—sent him through the hull business, frills and all, and mortgaged his farm to do it. Well, sir, that boy come back from college such a dum fool that he was accepted as a juror in a murder trial."—New York Weekly.

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Highest possible distinction."

What Ailed Her.

His Honor—"Well, Mrs. O'Raherty, I'm really surprised to see you here. You didn't sleep in the station-house all night, did you?"

"No, sor; quality don't often schlap in station-houses."

"How in the world did it happen that you got too much?"

"Well, Judge, sor; I can hardly tell meself. All I knows, sor, is that I was a visitin' a lady frind in the South ind, sor; an' av coorse we had a little pwisky; you knows how that is yoursif, sor. An' phwin I did sthart home I declare to goodness, sor, that the wurruld did same to be turnin' around wid me; an' I axed a gintlemon who did come to me as if he knowd phwere I lived, an' he said back to me: 'Phwy, Mrs. O'Raherty! Phwat in the wurruld is the matter?' Av coorse I said: 'nothin' was. Then, see he: 'You must have been drinkin' some phwisky wid a e in it.' So I suppose, sor, that that's phwats the matter wid me."

"Well, you can go this time, but be careful hereafter to not drink any whisky with an e in it."

"T'ank ye, sor."—Kentucky State Journal.

Success at Last.

On a railway train in Kentucky. "Why, helloa, Sam."

"Helloa, Bob."

"Haven't seen you for a long time. How have you been getting along?"

"Badly; have failed in every undertaking. Started a dry goods store and broke; tried to keep books for a lumber firm and was found to be incompetent; got a position as telegraph operator at a way station, thinking that I should surely succeed, having studied telegraphy, but couldn't hold the place."

"Bad, I must say, old fellow."

"Yes, but I'm all right now. I have secured another position."

"But, after so many trials and so many failures, are you not affraid you cannot succeed?"

"Oh, no; I have accepted a professorship in the Lexington Commercial College."—Arkansaw Traveler.

He Believed in the Superstition.

Wilkins—"Have you any faith, Bilkins, in the popular superstition that Friday is an unlucky day?"

Bilkins—"Yes, I have; and a certain chain of incidents in my life justifies me, to a certain extent, in that belief."

"Something supernatural, I presume?"

"No; just the opposite. It was on Friday, five years ago, that I endorsed a note for you; it fell due and I was forced to pay it on Friday; and on Fri—"

"Oh—ah—er, what do you think of the chances of the World's Fair being held in New York?"—The Yankee Blade.

Change of Heart.

Sweet Girl—"I hope you will call again, Mr. Coolhead."

Mr. Coolhead (new admirer)—"Thank you, I should be delighted to call very soon again, if I were sure of finding you at home."

"Oh, I'm nearly always at home; but—let me see—it won't do for you to call Tuesday evening, for that is the night of the Home Mission meeting; and Wednesday night the Emperor's Daughters meet; and Thursday the Blue Ribbons have a most important session; and Friday is the monthly meeting of the Dorcas Club; and Saturday the Browning Club—really I hardly know what day to set; but—"

"Um—do you expect to belong to all those societies always?"

"Oh, yes indeed; I'm a life-member of them all."

"Er—I should like to call again soon, but this is our busy season, and I shall be confined very closely to the office for several months. Good-evening."—New York Weekly.

Getting There.

He—"Do you believe there is any truth in the adage that a man is known by the company he keeps?"

She—"Certainly. We see its truth illustrated every day."

"I believe in it myself and I intend to act upon it."

"A wise resolution if it is good company you intend to keep."

"The very best; that is to say if I can get into the company I would like to keep. The fact is I want to keep your company."

Then she smiled a sweet smile and said it could no doubt be managed.—Boston Courier.

At Our Boarding House.

Jaggs—"Can I have a pair of scissors, ma'am?"

Mrs. Scrapple—"Yes, but what on earth can you want a pair of scissors for?"

Jaggs—"I would like to trim the feathers off this egg."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Counsel Assigned.

Mr. Rising Briefly—"How's that case of Bill Jenkins getting along? I see you've taken charge of it."

Mr. Snap Gammon—"Oh, first rate; I just got fifty dollars out of him, and he's to give me another fifty in the morning."

Mr. Rising Briefly—"That's good; but where's Bill?"

Mr. Snap Gammon—"Bill? Oh, he's all right. He's in jail."—Puck.

Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A Sure Way to Age.

Customer—"Have you any old wines?" Dealer—"No; but I can send some new home by a district messenger boy, and it will be old enough by the time you get it."—Munsey's Weekly.

The Nation He Loved.

"I would shed my last drop of blood for the nation!" cried the candidate for honors.

"You bet you would—for the nomination," was the sarcastic reply.—Puck.

Worse Than a Rattlesnake.

New Yorker (in the mountains)—"Good heavens! what's that ahead in the path?"

Guide—"Don't be skeert, boss, it's only a rattler."

New Yorker (relieved)—"Oh! is that all? I thought it looked like a dead electric light wire."—Puck.

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